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NO. 1.

Literary Aeyartment.

"BERTHA LEE;"

MARRIAGE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND THIS TALE IS DEDICATED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

Author of " Dora Moore," " Country Neighbors," Etc., Etc.

ory this sketch is dedicated said to me, tears blinded my eyes, but I brushed them why not write out the history of your away, and read; then I folded it into my bosom. "Why not write out the history of your friend Bertha's life? It may lead some hearts and let the waters flow. This did me good, to pause before they bind themselves for life to uncongenial companions." We had known much of Bertha's married life, and in our hours of confidential intercourse she had given me her history, as I now give it to my readers. But I little thought that the story which I commenced arranging from Bertha's journal and letters, while sitting at the winter's fireside, cheered by his presence and approbation, would be laid aside to walk with him through the dark valley, and watch, with breaking heart and tearful eyes, his passage over the river of death.

Alone and weary I resume the pen, working and waiting till he beckons to me, from "over the river," to join him.

[Aug. 20th, 1859.]

CHAPTER I. THE WEDDING.

Y wedding-day! How vividly, at this moment, I recall it to mind! From early dawn there had been the bustle of preparation in the house for the ceremony of the evening, while in my own room, halfpacked trunks and the bridal paraphernalia made confusion little congenial to reflection. This was well, for I did not wish to think, and I kept myself as busy as possible, that I might not have one moment of quiet or solitude. dared not examine my own heart. Like one who had plunged into the depths of a dense forest, and now, bewildered and lost, was determined to travel on, I, too, would push forward, faster and faster. Right or wrong, I must proceed.

I was packing a box with gifts and home tri fles, and thinking of a small antique server that had once belonged to my mother, and formed a part of her marriage outfit, but had long since been banished to the garret, with many other articles which brought her too vividly to mind, (for the mementoes of a first | found you just like dead upon the floor. Joe love are never pleasing to a second wife,) I went to fetch it.

It was a large garret, and contained the collections of many years; but it was clean and orderly, for my second mother, like most New England housekeepers, never omitted certain periodical overturnings and scrubbings, in which the phrase, "from garret to cellar," was well understood by her domestics.

I did not find the server in the place where I had often seen it, and thinking it might be in an old chest under the eaves, I sat down upon a stool to investigate the contents. I tossed one side broken toys, old picture books, and almanacs of ancient date, and such relics as may be found in every garret-among the rest a tiny bureau, a child's toy, given to me when my first doll set up housekeeping. It had marks of hard service, and the corners were sadly battered; but I took it up with care and gazed at it tenderly, for the sight of it brought to mind those proud, happy days of childhood, when I furnished my first "baby house." The high-post bedstead, with its white curtains, the round table, the little flatirons, the china tea-set, were all before me; but the bureau was the pride of my establishment. It was a New Year's gift from my father, and no bride, with the most gorgeous modern furniture for her drawing-room, could be happier than his little daughter on that day. Shall I ever be as happy again? A long-drawn sigh was the only response. I opened one of the remaining drawers. A little dingy roll of paper was all that it contained. I opened it, when a note, clumsily folded in the form of a small letter, fell upon the floor. My own name, printed with a pen, in stiff, awkward capitals, was upon the outside-"Miss Bertha Lee." The inside was printed also, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAREST BERTHA-I am sorry that I cannot go to your doll's tea-party this afternoon; but mamma says I must stay at home and learn my plece that I am to speak in school to-morrow-

How doth the little busy bee.'

But after I have spoken it to the teacher, I can go; so if Dollie will not feel too bad, I wish you would wait, for to-morrow is my birthday, and I should like very much to go and see you then, and show you my presents. I always have plenty of sugar-plums on that day, and I will bring them over for the table. I shall be six years old then-a whole year older than you; and I am a great deal stronger, too; so I mean to take care of you all the days of my life; and when we are big enough, we will keep house together, and you shall have a silver plate and a gold spoon, and Dollie shall have a new satin gown. Cousin Joe is here, and when I asked him if he would wait and take a letter to you, he said, 'Yes, yes, ay, ay, that I will. How queer he is! I hope Dollie will wait. CHARLIE," his, earnestly. Your best friend.

TOOT many months ago, he to whose mem- | I read this little missive again and again; away, and read; then I folded it into my bosom, and I found courage to kneel and pray: "Oh, God, give me strength to go on; help me to do my duty-to crush out all sinful affection. May I perform faithfully the vows which I am about to take upon myself, and be a true wife unto

death to him who claims my hand to-day!" Impious prayer! I see it now, looking backward through a long lapse of years. I was asking my Maker to aid me in disobeying the very laws of my nature. I was acting from a sense of duty; but it was a deed no more pleasing to Him who loveth mercy and not sacrifice, than the immolation of the Hindu widow.

I buried the papers in my bosom, and sat with my head bowed upon my hand. The old garret seemed pleasant as the midday sun came softly in through the skylight overhead; but I was soon aroused by a voice, inquiring, "Where is Bertha? Pray, where can the child have gone? Strange that she is not ready to receive Mr. Gray! He came in the stage, some time since, and is asking for her."

Mr. Gray! The words seemed to chill my blood. I rose to my feet, but became suddenly faint, and could with difficulty stand. I will go, I said; but a power stronger than my will forbade. I lost consciousness, and fell to the floor. How long I had lain there I cannot tell: but the first thing I remember, on coming to myself, was a rough hand chafing my arms, and a voice saying, "Yes, yes—ah, ah! she ain't dead—no, only sick—faint!" and then commenced again the vigorous rubbing. I opened my eyes, but I was bewildered, like one in a dream.

"Yes, yes—see, she is alive again!" Cousin Joe, where am I?

"Yes, yes-ah, ah!" and from rubbing me, he fell to rubbing his own hands together. You're up in the garret, Sisy-can't you see? I came up to bring down an extra mattress, because the house is so full of company, and I didn't call the folks, 'cause he guessed he could bring you back to life, if he rubbed hard enough. There, lie down upon this mattress and Joe will put a pillow under your head."

"Joe, is anybody inquiring for me?" "Yes, yes-ah, ah!-nobody at all, Sisy-was awhile ago-gone now to a relig-e-ous conference in the vestry!"

"Thank you, Joe; I will lie down. Some

cold water, if you please." He ran down in his stocking-feet, and returned as noiselessly, bringing me some water, which I thought tasted bitter, but, in my eagerness to drink, I took little heed of it. Ay, Joe! it was an opiate, and it gave me three blessed hours of sleep-sleep which, for many days and nights before, I had not known. When I opened my eyes, the light came-not from the skylight above, but from the little arched window in the west front. I roused myself, and went down to my own room. Some kind hand had finished the packing of my trunks; the wedding-dress was carefully laid upon the bed, and freshly-cut orange blossoms were in a vase of water on the dressing-table. The gloves, handkerchief, slippers, were all there, made ready by some careful hand. The clock struck five-three hours still before the

ceremony! A strange calm possessed me. I sat down and opened a book. It was my favorite author, Jeremy Taylor, and, though I turned over the leaves at random, the following met my eye first:

"They that enter into a state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last thrown for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and she is more under it, because her tormentor bath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkind-

I do not believe that this is a day of miracles, or that we are taught our duty, unless by the aid of reason we seek to know it. But God had heard my prayer, and was now teaching me consequences of my present course. The lesson was unheeded. At this moment my brother William opened the door.

"Oh, William, is it you? I was afraid you would not come at all. I have looked for you many days."

"But I'm here at last, sister. Could I consent to your marriage, and not see my new brother?"

"You have seen him!" and my eyes sought

You can't expect such a scapegrace as myself to fall in love with a parson; but if you love him, and he is kind and good to you, I shall be satisfied. But I can't understand, Bertha, why you and Charles Herbert did not fulfill the promises of your childhood. By-theway, he is in town, and will be at the wed-

As he spoke, my step-mother entered. She seemed taller and statelier than usual, as she sailed into my room, dressed in her heavy gray silk and majestic turban, amid the folds of which gleamed a golden serpent with its ruby tongue.

'Do n't leave me with her!" I whispered to William.

"My dear, it is time the bride was dressing. I have come to aid you myself. Cousin Elsie has been waiting with great impatience to be admitted; but Joe said you had fallen asleep, and your father forbade your being disturbed. You have good nerves, to sleep at such a time, and you will now go through the ceremony bravely.'

My hand was clasped in William's, and I was then trembling so with weakness, that the support of his arm alone prevented me from falling.

"Will you open that drawer for me, Willie? The key turns very hard."

"I can do that for you," said my mother.
"I think not, ma," said William, "it is very

hard; but it will yield after working awhile." Soon Elsie appeared. "Come, haste to the wedding," said she, as she skipped in. "What a slow bride!"

"I was afraid the groomsman would have to wait for the blacksmith," said William, as the drawer flew open; "but there it is, and all the flowery, gauzy, silky contents—without which a bride can no more be married than a soldier march without music."

"There, now, away with you, Cousin Will, and be sure not break your heart for any pretty, gauzy, silky piece of dry goods you find in the parlor this evening;" and with that she took him by the shoulder and put him out of the room. But his face was peeping in a moment afterward, with the request, "Please, may I come in again once more before the ceremony?"

"Yes, yes," said Cousin Elsie, "if you will behave yourself."

By this time I was strong again. "He shall see that my nerves are quiet," I said to myself. "Who can have given him this invitation to my wedding? Some one who chose not to consult me."

I was soon dressed; under the careful eye of my mother, properly so, no doubt. My bridesmaids averred that I looked "sweetly." and returned the compliment. There were still a trunks were all strapped and in the hall, few minutes left. Cousin Elsie ran down stairs, and just after I heard William's step. He was coming for that promised last look. I needed it; that kind, appreciating glance of his pleasant face, would do me good. I looked I had been up in Eddie's room, trying to conup and met-not my brother's eyes, but the sole him for his grief at my departure by a clear, full, penetrating glance of Charles Her-

Were my nerves quiet now? Did I tremble? Did my heart grow cold with icy despair? Not his bright, round face, full of smiles at the at all. I had no sooner felt the pressure of his hand and heard his voice, than I suddenly became calm—quiet as a summer lake.

"William said that I might come with him, Bertha, and see you a moment before the ceremony. I did not arrive in town till this evening, or I would have called before. I am late with my little gift, but not too late, I hope. You will remember that when we were children, I promised that when I became a man I would bring you a gold watch from over the sea. Here is one that has a history, and thinking I might not have time to relate it, I have sketched it down. You will find it in the casket with the watch. But I must not detain you; the clock strikes-one kiss for the days

of your childhood." He was gone. I held the casket in my hands. I was quiet. There was neither fear nor chill. I was like a sick person suddenly restored to health. And then I remembered it was always so from childhood. If I were nervous and fretful, if my playthings were broken, my lessons not learned, or my frock torn, Charlie always | hands. This is all I can do for you now, my set things right when he came. I was never sick many hours while he lived near us, and the only illness of my childhood was after his removal from town.

My mother's voice aroused me. "Your fan, ny dear; Mr. Gray is coming."

A great shadow suddenly fell on my heart's sunshine. Reader, be merciful; we never know What a wise head you have on those young the extent of our guilt when we commit a crime. If suffering can atone for sin, that like it. How would it suit you, my boy, in hour's perjury has been washed away by years of humility and penance. My two bridesmaids stood at my side.

"Don't they look beautifully, Mr. Gray?" said my mother.

"Yes, madam; but Bertha, I hope, is too her property is secured to herself." much occupied with the solemnity of the occasion to think much of personal attire. You know St. Paul says that woman's best adorning is a meek and quiet spirit."

"Yes, yes-ah, ah;" and Joe's queer face appeared at the door. "Mrs. Lee, Uncle James says the time is come."

Five minutes afterwards I was pronounced 'Mrs. Gray," by the good clergyman who had baptized me in childhood, and who had held me of sun. to his bosom and hushed my grief when he found me weeping beside my mother's coffin.

I thought of that hour now, and how cold I same chill came over me now. I seemed turned money, said he would make good use of it, and to stone. And yet I knew that my heart beat, put it carefully away in his pocket-book. He

'Yes; and the most I can say is, that he is | and my lips moved in response to the congrat- | is a prudent fellow, with a little of the moneytall, good-looking, and very grave in his man- ulations of my friends. I smiled, too, but a getting spirit, which does not displease me. smile as cold as the ripple of water when a stone falls into its depths. There was a bright fire on the hearth, and during the evening I moved toward it; but, as far as I was concerned, it was brightness, not warmth to me. I remember the lights grew dim, the hum of voices died away, and there was a low murmuring of "Good-nights" and "Farewells," and the sound of carriages rolling from the door. I stood almost alone by the fire, when suddenly a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice said, "You have done well, Bertha; your quiet dignity has pleased me; come and sit down in this easy-chair-I know you are

> Now I knew I was not turned to stone, for I felt a repulsion which marble cannot feel. I moved away, turned from the room, and went down stairs to the kitchen. Joe was there in his seat by the fire.

"Cousin Joe, some water; some of that water you gave me in the garret."

"Yes, yes-ah, ah, Sisy, you shall have it; but sit down here while I draw some cold and fresh from the well." He soon brought me a glass filled with some

hot, spicy and sweet liquid. "Yes, yes, drink it; the rooms were warm

and crowded up stairs."

As he spoke, he took my feet, which were resting upon the blackened stove-hearth, and held them in his hands, chafing them briskly. The satin slippers and silk stockings transmitted the grateful warmth rapidly, and I felt as if again restored to life. There was a step upon the stairs. I started, but Joe held my feet firmly.

"Eddie, dear, coming for his last good-night kiss.'

It was my youngest brother, the child of my father's second wife, a beautiful boy, his mother's idol and my own pet.

'Oh, sister, I cannot let you go away." I pressed him to my heart; we had loved each other well, and it was hard to part. We wept together, and those tears did me good. I was human still-not turned to stone. Another step on the stairs. This time it was my

"My dear, let me wait upon you to your room. Joe, cover up the fire and go to bed. Eddie, come with me, and bid Mr. Gray good-

I followed her mechanically. The clock in the kitchen struck twelve as she spoke-my wedding-day was ended.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARSONAGE.

HE stage-coach was to call for us at nine clock in the morning and breakfast was on the table, all by the direction of my energetic step-mother. Shortly afterwards Charles Herbert called. It was at my father's request, on some business matters. promise that he should come and stay with us when we were settled in our new home. He had dried his tears, and now, hand in hand, thought of helping me keep house, we entered the parlor. Herbert and my father were still talking. Mr. Gray had gone to make a call on a brother clergyman. Brother William had left town in an early stage. My father held a roll of bank bills in his hands, and said, as I

"Here, my daughter, is a little spending money. A young wife is diffident in money matters, and fifty dollars will, perhaps, answer day earlier than I intended, but it will make your purpose till you can learn the 'sesame' to your husband's purse."

'Give it to her in gold, uncle-that keeps better," said Herbert.

"Not a bad idea, Charlie; change it, if you

can." In a moment more my purse was filled with

the bright coin. "That looks well," said my father. "Put it

in a safe place; minister's wives are not generally troubled with too much of such coin. This morning I have deposited one thousand dollars, in good bank stock, in your husband's daughter. When I die, my children will all share alike." "Have you secured the thousand to her in

her own name?" said Herbert. "It is well for a wife to have a little fund of her own, in case of misfortune to her husband."

"The deuce, Charles! I never thought of it! shoulders! But never mind; Gray might not case you were in his place?"

A strange expression flitted over Herbert's face as my father spoke, but it passed quickly

"I had it done, sir, in the case of my wife;

"Yes, yes-I understand now; you were always proud as Lucifer—would n't take a stiver with a wife-loved her for herself alone, I suppose."

Again that expression on Herbert's face, It was strange how calmly I stood there—so strong and quiet now-when ten minutes before I had drenched two handkerchiefs with my tears, and wished I could die before set

Herbert did not speak, and my father continued:

"Now, Gray is none of your romantic, highfelt in the darkened parlor, by the coffin. The flown fellows. He just thanked me for the

He said he had bought five shares in the Central Railroad. A good speculation, I fancy."
"Perhaps so," said Herbert, gravely.

"Mr. Herbert," I began, my voice trembling little, but reassured as soon as he bent the

full glance of his calm eyes upon me. "Charlie, if you please, Bertha."

"Charlie, then," I added, and the word seemed to loosen my tongue. I could now say what I wished, and went on to thank him for his present of last evening. "You disappeared so soon that I had no time to tell you that your gift supplied the only want I had. I have never owned a watch before, and I feel now as if it would aid me in improving time."

"Why, as to that, Bertha, you were always a little busy-body, and I should be sorry if the possession of a watch should lead you to take any more stitches; but there is a history connected with the gift which will interest you. Do not try to read it till you are settled in your new home, and need amusement on a rainv day."

While he spoke the coach came. My mother entered the room with a shawl on her arm and a basket in her hand.

"It is chilly this morning, my dear, and I laid out your thick shawl, thinking you might need it; and here is a little basket of cakes of my own baking-you have eaten nothing for two days, and will need a lunch before you get to Boston."

Mr. Herbert wrapped the shawl around me; I took the basket, but left it on the table in the hall. I did not forget, however, to put in my pocket a package of candies which Joe had bought as a parting present to me. The good fellow came with the rest to bid me "good-by." How droll he looked standing by the side of Charles Herbert! One was six feet high, with a noble head, crowned with rich masses of dark brown hair; a well-developed figure-erect, broad-chested — "every inch a man." Poor Joe looked just then like a wretched little pack-mule, beside a trained and equipped war-horse, ready for battle. Joe's round, rusty apple face, his little head, almost bald, save a little thin, yellowish hair-his bent figure, equipped in a thick gray jacket and a pair of trousers "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks," formed a tout ensemble ridiculous, perhaps, to those who did not know the good heart in the rough casket. "And now, Sisy, come and make us a visit

soon. Joe will want to see you, and he will give you some cold, fresh drink, when you are thirsty; you remember, remember, Sisy," and he took my hand, while the tears were on his cheek.

"Yes, Joe, I will return soon; but I want you to come and see me. Come with Eddie, and then he will not be homesick.

"Yes, yes-ah, ah; shall Joe come? Do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it and desire it, Joe."

"Yes, yes-ah, ah; then Joe'll come-yes, he'll come; Joe promises.' "Your husband is waiting," said my father. "My husband!" I shuddered, involuntarily. "Yes, sir," I replied, and dropped my veil over

my face. Mr. Gray assisted me into the coach and took a seat at my side. One rainy evening the coach stopped at a small white house in the village of Vernon, on the Connecticut river. Though dark it was not late, for as we passed through the main

street, we saw one or two family groups around

the tea-table, and the sight was pleasant to weary and hungry travelers. "This is the Parsonage," said Mr. Gray, as the driver reined in his horses. "We are a no difference." He got out of the carriage and opened the house door. The lamps upon the coachman's box threw a few rays of light into a small entrance hall, but I could see no

person save Mr. Gray, who now came and offered his hand to assist me in alighting. "This way, driver," he said. "Bring the trunks in and place them by the side of the wall, near the stairs. That will do. Your

charge?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"That is exorbitant; can't you take less?" "Regular fare, sir; charge you no more than others." "Then you are an exception to the rule. I

am imposed upon every day of my life, because of my profession.' "We treat folks all alike, sir, only now and then we give a lift to a poor woman with a baby," said the driver, as he mounted the box,

his rough face looking very good-natured, notwithstanding the rain dripped from his glazed cap and heavy pilot coat. As the outer door closed, an inner one at the part of the entry furthest from the street

opened, and an old woman, holding an iron candlestick with a very emaciated tallow candle in it, made her appearance. Why, Mr. Gray, is it possible you are here?

I am sartinly growing deaf, or I should have heard the stage. Some of your people will be mighty disappointed, for they were coming tomorrow night to give you a 'reception,' as they call it.' 'This is my wife, Mrs. Dennis," said Mr.

Gray, at she turned the candle toward me. "Good evening, good evening, Mrs. Gray; It bld you welcome to Vernon," and she extended to me a hand, hard and rough and large, but the grasp seemed sincere and hearty. Walk in, walk in. I am glad now that I kindled a little fire in the sitting-room stove. for you must be chilled and wet." I was so and the chill was not all on the surface.

Mrs. Dennis drew a rocking-phair to the fire, took my bonnet and shawl, and said kindly "I will make you a cup of tea right away: it will do you good."

"Helon is at meeting, I suppose," said Mr

Yes, but she will be at home soon," Mrs. Dennis replied, as she held her candle up and peered at the mantel-clock. "Deacon Abram always closes arly, because he has such a long ride home."

She lighted a lamp that stood near the clock and then disappeared into an adjoining room, from which issued the sound of a crackling fire, which I thought would soon raise the teakettle to a boiling heat.

"You are now at home, Bertha," said Mr. Gray, "but you will need a few days of rest. Helen will remain with us awhile, and I hope you will find it mutually agreeable. I think you have never seen her."

"No, but we have corresponded so long that she seems to me like a dear friend."

Mrs. Dennis's cup of tea was on the table, and we were about sitting down to enjoy it, when Helen entered, and her round, rosy face looked earnestly at me from beneath a cottage straw bonnet. She did not wait for an introduction, but came toward me with all the eagerness of a happy child.

My dear sister Bertha! How glad 1 am you have come to-night, for I can have you all to myself a little while. Now I have a sister!' and she gave me another warm kiss. I returned the kiss, and my heart warmed at once toward her.

'Come, Helen, you are not used to be so demonstrative," said Mr. Gray; "our tea is waiting, and Bertha may prefer a cup of it to your kisses."

'Indeed, brother, I am demonstrative only when I cannot help it. I was demure as pussin-the-corner all last evening, as Auntie Paul can testify, when Deacon Abram called. I did n't say three words to him, though he brought you a nice roast for to-morrow's dinner. But, excuse me, I must welcome you back," and she glided up and kissed his cheek. I looked on with amazement. That was a familiarity which I should never dare to imitate.

'There, that will do, Helen," said Mr. Gray "now pour out tea for us."

I caught Helen two or three times, as we sat at table, looking at me with those great, earnest eyes, as if she would know all that was in my heart. Our first impressions are often the most correct. I loved Helen Gray at first sight, and that love never flickered or grew dim. What would I not have given that night if her brother had possessed her power over

me?
"You are tired," said she, as I seated myself on rising from the table. "I will have your room ready for you in a few minutes."

"It is all ready," said Mrs. Dennis; "I opened the door to take off the chill this rainy

"Then let me introduce you to your little domicile," and she threw the door wide open, displaying a room just large enough for a bed, one bureau, a small work-table, and two or three chairs. It looked neatly, with its white from down below, close to Boston, and were bed-drapery and window curtain and its carpet, with its tiny figures of mingled green and white. I entered; Helen followed and closed

'There, sister, (how I love the word,) sit down in this easy-chair, and let me help you undress. You are pale and weary, and I can guess how you feel, leaving all your friends to come and live among us half-civilized country people. And then this getting married, too. I do think a wedding is ten times more solemn than a funeral. I always weep when the ceremony is performed, for I think of the strength of the chain that is then forged. I think I'll never marry."

While she was talking I had turned to the mirror, and was loosening my hair.

'What beautiful hair, Bertha. Let me brush it out for you."

As she came toward me, she caught sight of my face in the glass, and saw that the tears good humor. were falling fast.

Oh. Bertha, darling, I ought not to talk so I am Job's comforter, after all, as Aunt Paul

"Aunt Paul, did you say, Helen? Who do you mean?"

Oh, Mrs. Dennis, as I suppose Brother Calvin called her; but everybody else calls her Aunt Paul,' partly because that was her husband's name, than whom no one could deserve such a cognomen less, and partly because she herself is more like St. Paul than any other church-member we have. Many do not like her; I do. You noticed her great, high head, and her Gibraltar nose. Did you see, too, that she had not a bow, or a superfluous string or button about her-not even a cap to soften her harsh features, though she is seventy years old. I wish you could hear her exhort in meeting. She is the only woman in our church that exhorts, for brother thinks that women should learn in silence; but one might as well have attempted to stop General Jackson, when he had made ready to receive the British at New Orleans, as to stop Aunt Paul when the spirit moves her to do battle with Satan's kingdom. She is an original, I assure younone of your chicken-hearted Christians, with cant phrases on their tongues and a poor practice in their lives, but a strong-minded, wholehearted woman, who would walk through the fire without flinching, if it lay in the path of duty. I think you will like Aunt Paul. but 1 am not so sure that she will love you in return; indeed, I am afraid she will think you a weak little puss, for you don't look a bit as if you could exhort in meeting, make speeches in a sawing-society, or ask a blessing at a full table when your husband is gone."

I turned round inquiringly to Helen: "Is it expected that, as a minister's wife, I must do all these things?'

"Be sure it is, sister Bertha, and many more like them. You must never dress meanly, and never too well; must be versed in theology and understand household economy; have a smattering of medicine, so as to teach young Parsonage, and I hope to see my friend's daughmothers how to manage the whooping-cough and measles; must set a good table at small cost; must gossip with all the old women in mother in your face. You have her hair and the parish on flannel petticoats and herb tea; entertain your husband's clerical friends with the grave matters of church government and the religious operations of the day, and-

"Stop! stop! I pray you! I did not marry the parish; and if I can only do my duty at home, I shall exceed my own expectations."

"Well, well, darling, only do n't look so solemn about it. To-morrow, remember, you beong to me. Now let me put on your nightcap. Is this the one, with the lace border? What a pretty pattern on the crown and front! A rapevine, with the fruit and tendrils. I'll

py it to-morrow, and have just such a one Stop—I'm not going to be married." Not to a parish, Helen."

Her merry laugh was sweet as chime of sil-

"Not I, indeed. But don't call me Helen. I am Nellie to you, henceforth. Don't try to read," seeing me open my Bible. "I'll handle those golden clasps daintily. Now lay your aching head upon your pillow, and I will read. Where shall it be?"

"In John's Gospel, Nellie." "Here it is. Now lie still, and I will read

ou to sleep."

No opiate could be better than the low, sweet tones of her voice. I closed my eyes and tried to rest. She read till she thought I slept, and then glided silently from the room. From the are tired, and that you consider the people of depths of my heart rose a thanksgiving for this

The reception-evening was quite a brilliant affair in the village. The little parsonage was crowded, and as the bride was not expected to talk much herself, but patiently stand to receive congratulations and answer the commonplaces of the day, I got along very well. Mr. Gray was taciturn and sedate as usual. This he deemed necessary to the maintenance of his clerical dignity. Nellie was on the alert to shield me from the tedious gossip of the old, and the rude staring of the young. She engaged Aunt Paul to give the old ladies an account of the ravages of the yellow fever one season in New Orleans, when the old lady went down to nurse her son, who died of the disease. The young people she magnetized toward herself. I was left for a few minutes with a deaf deacon, who, fancying every one else afflicted with his own infirmity, called out to me, in a loud voice:

"Well, I'm dreadful glad our minister has brought home a wife. He'll have somebody now to help him visit the parish. I s'pose some of the gals are awful disapp'inted; but then, according to Scripture, a minister can't have more than one wife, and I suppose he has a right to pick her up where he pleases. My mother sent her respects and a cheese, and hopes to see you soon at 'Scrabble.'"

I was thinking what reply to make to my singular companion, when my eyes encountered Helen's roguish face at a little distance from us. She was playing "Tivoli" with a trio of little juveniles, but I guessed by her looks that my deaf friend was Deacon Abram. and immediately my reserve thawed, and I determined, for the amusement of the thing. I would be as entertaining as possible; so I inquired all about Scrabble, and the fine farms which that little dell contained; and I made minute inquiries about his mother's healtheven going so far as to give my father's receipt for a rheumatic compound. I was happy to be relieved, however, by an old lady with a very gay cap and an exceedingly large nose, who came briskly toward me.

"Mrs. Whitney-'Aunt Ruthy,' as we call her," said the deacon.

Yes, yes, the young folks all call me 'Aunt,' and I am aunt to a great many of them, be sure. You see, most of the early settlers came all of them related. I am glad our minister went there for a wife. We ain't the most fashionable sort of folks, and don't live in Boston style; but then there are a great many good people here-yes, some real good folks-do n't you think so, Abram?'

"Yes, ma'am, I do; and I've an idea Miss Grav will find it out."

"Indeed, I like Vernon very much-better than Boston.' "Now, you do n't say so!" said Aunt Ruthy.

That beats me, arter living here forty year. I can't say but I'm happy enough, but it is nothing like Boston. I was very homesick when my old man brought me up here to live on a farm, and e'na'most cried my eyes out."

I thought her eyes must be water-proof, for they were dark and sparkling as a young girl's, though she was seventy years old. She talked abruptly and fast, and was overflowing with

"You must come and see me. I live at the ang my nuspang's name is Noah. Come and see us when you want to get away from the minister's house. You may ride horseback, pick berries and flowers in summer, and nuts in winter."

"But Noah's ark rested upon the top of the mountain, Mrs. Whitney."

"Yes, I know it; but he came down afterwards and turned farmer, you know. They do say there are pieces of the ark on the top now, but I never went up to see. Perhaps you would like to go up. City folks think a great deal more of mountains than we' do up here, and you can go way by the wood-road on Dobbin's back. I've heard tell that the prospect was mighty nice up there."

determined to visit Mount Ararat; but as I was about making further inquiries, my husband came toward me with a large, portly gentleman, whom he introduced as Captain John. He was slightly bald, his hair and whiskers well sprinkled with white, but his face full and ruddy with health, and his whole bearing that of a man who was turning from middle life into a green old age. Aunt Ruthy stepped a pace or two back, and looked displeased, and Deacon Abram eyed my husband with a strange look of mingled curiosity and sternness.

"I am happy to see you in Vernon," said the rubicund Captain to me, with a pleasant, fath erly look, as he shook me cordially by the hand. "I am not a member of your husband's parish, and may be considered an intruder into the fold this evening; but being an old friend of your father, I could not deny myself the

pleasure of welcoming you to our village." "I think I have heard my father speak of you, sir, as 'my best friend, Captain John' but I supposed that your residence was in

"You are correct. I left Cuba this last summer, and am at present anchored in this beautiful village, only a stone's throw from the ter often at the 'Snug Harbor' of an old sailor. I am glad to trace a resemblance to your eyes-the rest is Lee. Ah! Mrs. Gray, your mother was a noble woman—a dear sister to me. I had no sister of my own, and she supplied the place. I can now hear her pleasant voice saying, 'Remember, brother John, this is your home when you are on shore until you have a wife.' But I must not indulge in these pleasant reminiscences this evening. The member's of your husband's parish have the first claim, and I yield precedence to them now, if you will promise to come and talk with the old sailor in his bachelor home."

I readily made that promise. Reader, would n't your heart warm toward the man who had kept your mother's memory green for twenty years?

ing. A lady who had an invalid husband, and babe, ar lo they not know that I was preswas leaving early that she might not be long ent at its birth, at the Eddy-Mediums' house in absent from him, came to bid me good-evening. "Madam," said the happy old bachelor to the both being present. There was serious talk of delicate and care-worn lady, "my carriage is strangling this deformed child at birth-but at your service; permit me to set you down at | fleeing to India it was spared. What that is your door." She accepted the offer with a new-absolutely new-has Theosophy taught grateful smile.

wearily than I feared, and we were gathered owes to Spiritualism. in the little sitting-room again - Mr. Gray, Aunt Paul, Nellie and myself.

"Now, Sis," said Nellie, "confess that you a country parish a rude and unmannerly set?"

"I confess no such thing. There is more refinement and good breeding than I had hoped for; quite as much as in any miscellaneous gathering in a country parish.'

"Oh, Bertha! your mantle of charity is too broad. Why, I heard no less than five ladies speculating upon the price of your silk dress, and one old woman told you she guessed you did n't understand housework, your hands were so small and white; one deacon asked you if you ever milked a cow, and another added that he hoped you would set an example of simplicity and plainness of dress, measuring with his eye, as he spoke, your rich lace bertha.'

"But I have heard ruder things than these at a city party, Nellie, and I say, sincerely, that I am determined to make friends here, and I have made a commencement already, and struck up a sudden friendship with the youngest deacon."

"Oh, Bertha!" and Nellie held up her little plump hands imploringly; "take care, or you will be the death of me, and my last words, 'Et tu, Brute,' will make your heart sad enough."

"Helen, take the Bible and read," said Mr. Gray.

"I thought you closed with prayer in the parlor, brother." "It is no reason why we should omit our

customary devotions.' When Aunt Paul and Nellie had retired, Mr. Gray remarked that he was sorry that I had

met with our old family friend, the Captain. "Indeed, Mr. Gray, what can you mean? I thought my father would be delighted, and it seemed very pleasant to meet with one who had known my mother.'

"But he is not a member of our church-a mere man of the world, I fear-and as such I do not wish you to meet him often."

"Do you know anything against his personal character, Mr. Gray? Is n't he a good citizen and a moral man?"

"I know nothing to the contrary; but he is always merry and light-hearted, as if he had no idea of the sin and suffering in the world. He holds peculiar religious views, too, I believe. You will not need to see him often." [To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

ETCHINGS FROM SUNSET LAND.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

N all my extensive perambulations and wanderings the wide world over, I have yet to recall to mind a single Californian who did not express it as his aim and hope to some day return and spend the balance of his years under the shadow of the stately Sierras, the eucalypti of Santa Clara, the oranges and lemons of Los Angeles, or the olive and the pepper trees of San Diego. However widely dispersed in foreign lands, whatever the avocations or varying fortunes, the above is the one sentiment that I have always heard expressed by those who had lived long enough in California to consider it their home. And why? It is largely the climate. San Diego in Southern California has been rightfully called the Italy of America. It is the land of the orange and the vine, the palm and the pine-apple.

CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE AND FRUIT. While telegrams were flashing here from the East, telling us awhile ago of the thermometer registering 105 in Kansas, 103 in St. Louis, and 98 to 100 in Chicago-telling of sunstrokes in New York and Philadelphia by scores-the thermometer here, the highest this season, registerd 82 degrees. Old residents inform us that June and January are so nearly alike that they have to think-think twice to distinguish the month of the year.

Peach crops are very large on the Pacific Coast this season, and ranchmen are now very busy with all their available help in gathering them. Apricots and nectarines are about gone. Figs and most delicious grapes are now filling the markets. Orange and lemon trees promise an immense crop. Lemons are now selling at I was quite interested in Aunt Ruthy, and \$3.50 a box. This is surely the fruit-land of America.

SAN DIEGO HERETICS. Although this city numbers only about twenty thousand, the Sunday morning papers invite the churchly-inclined to listen to Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, Seventh-Day Adventists, Swedenborgians, Free-thinkers, Christian Scientists and Theosophists-take your choice. All, whether sectarists or heretics, teach that goodness and happiness are inseparably connected, and so their preaching all points toward the better heavenly life, as of old all roads led toward Rome. Creeds and Calvinistic dogmas have had their day. They are now theological cadavers awaiting burial. Only semi-idiots will mourn.

JINDA RAM. If Metempsychosis be true, I am certain that away in remote antiquity I was a Brahmin, for I have a profound admiration of Hindu scenery, the Hindu character and Brahminical metaphysics.

Recently there came to San Diego a Vedic missionary, and lawyer by profession, Mr. Jinda Ram. He came to enlighten western people in regard to the dootrines of the Vedas and Upanishads, the purposes of the Arya Somaj, and more especially to secure funds for the education of Hindu girls and the emancipation of women. He applied for a hearing in the Methodist Church, but was refused because he was "not a Christian." He asked of the Universalist and Unitarian churches a hearing in behalf of Hindu women and children, and was refused, not by the pastors, but by the committees of these churches. And so he secured the use of the Spiritualists' Hall, and was greeted by a large and intelligent audience. His voice was musical and his lecture excellent, considering his imperfect knowledge of the English language. A thorough scholar, and well versed in Vedic literature, he pronounces the Mahatmas of the Himalayas and Thibet "elemental imaginations." And this reminds me that Mr. Judge of New York pronounces Spiritualism "devil worship.", Why are Theosophists such bitter haters of Spirit-

I saw the Captain but once more that even- York Spiritualists cradled the Theosophic Vermont, Col. Olcott and Madam Blavatsky the world that is true-demonstrably true? The evening were away at last, much less All the proofs it has of a future existence it

RECEPTION BY THE LITERARY CLUB. Trusts and clubs are among the characteristics of this generation. Soon after reaching San Diego-city of twenty thousand by the sea-getting somewhat rested and partially settled, the members of "The Literary Club," through Mr. and Mrs. Busheyhead, gave me a most enjoyable reception at their elegant and imposing residence overlooking the Bay, Point Loma, Coronado, and some of the isles of the ocean. All present were people of refinement and culture. The conversation was social and educational; and the refreshments so generously tendered by Mrs. Busheyhead - ice oreams, fruits, cakes, etc.—were as delicious as they were plenteous.

Long known as a Spiritualist and worker in the field of progress, Mrs. Busheyhead has in press a small book entitled-" The Truth." It is upon Spiritualism, and the advance sheets show it to be sensible, practical and philosophical.

Among the distinguished personages at this reception were Mrs. Warren Kimball, author, and writer for the press; Mrs. Rosa Hartwick, author of "The Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight"; Mrs. M. M. Wagner, writer of "The Liberty Bell," read at the opening of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago; Mrs. Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," and other popular works; Mrs. Steinhouse, who wrote that exhaustive work upon the Utah Mormons, and which was published in London under the title, "Tell it All"; Dr. P. C. Remendino, editor and proprietor of The National Popular Review, and author of several medical books; Mrs. Rev. Amanda Deyo, pastor of the Universalist Church; Mrs. M. E. Day, artist, and author of "The Souvenir of California"; Miss Estelle Thompson, author of many charming poems; Jinda Ram, the Hindu Missionary and Vedic scholar; Mrs. D. P. Hale, author of "Dream 'Neath the Pepper Tree" and other beautiful poems. There were also present others noted in the fields of science and literature.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN THE TWO WORLDS. Could there be a more apt or more telling itle? The title has sold many books, especially silly novels; but here is a sensible, solid and instructive volume upon what may be termed the higher aspects of Spiritualism, from the facile pen of Miss Judson, daughter of the Burmese Baptist Missionary Judson. The book treats of spirit-phenomena, terrestrial and celestial magnetism, the spiritual body, the spiritual world, the nature of the soul and some of this lady's experiences with the denizens of the spiritual world. It also treats of mediumship, and how to secure the highest forms of this gift-a gift which rightly used tends to the growth and spiritual development of the intellectual and moral nature. I was pleased to see this book of Miss Judson so handsomely reviewed in the BANNER OF LIGHT, that with malice toward none ever seeks to benefit and build up Spiritualism.

My address henceforth is San Diego, Cal.

Platform Echoes.

Cassadaga Lake Camp, N. Y.

On Sunday, Aug. 19th, Mrs. H. S. Lake gave a very brilliant discourse in the morning upon the topic, "Spiritualism in its Relations to the World's Ilis." Several other questions which were sent up by the audience were interwoven with the one above named.

Mrs. Lake possesses a personality wholly her wn, and a phraseology at ble and logical. She makes a few words ex press her meaning, and every sentence is so rounded-out that her hearers become charmed, not only with her line of reasoning, but with her characteristic manner of presenting her thought:

"Unfortunately, man is so constituted that his prejudices are likely to modify his concluhis prejudices are likely to modify his conclusions upon all subjects; and, in consequence of this fact, it is exceedingly difficult to arrive at a fair apprehension of the ultimate truth.

As Spiritualists, it behooves us to be modest, because the universe which is revealed by modern phenomena is so immense, and traversed by so many laws, that the human mind seems hardly able to comprehend so much.

ly able to comprehend so much. Modern Spiritualism presents for the first time in the an nals of history a copious influx from the eternal spheres; but, unless we make an application philosophically of the phenomena, they can be of little service to us in spiritual unfoldment. The fact to us is really serviceable only when it builds within the mind a larger range of vision

when it builds within the mind a larger range of vision.

A man's immortality cannot be greater than himself; his immortality is based on his ability to unfold eternal faculty. In a time world like this, the faculty of mundane sense brings us into relation with an environment limited and imperfect. When these senses are torn away, if other faculty is not supplied or grown, there is no possibility of relating the ego to a larger range of being. Those who live upon the lower plane, the plane of force, of animal expression, fail to evolve these supersensuous faculties; while the spiritual man or women faculties; while the spiritual man or woman gains an ampler life while dwelling here, and enters, by the death event, an immortality assured by this. On this plane of exercise, an understanding of God's and man's relation to his fellows must necessarily enlarge.

Between the rights of society and the rights of the individual there is a constant conflict,

and the numerous ills which surround us are frequently due to a misunderstanding of lib-

frequently due to a misunderstanding of lib-erty. There is no real way to eliminate these ills save by revolutionizing the man, rather than to attack the system.

We destroy our fellows by thought as well as by drink. More drunkenness is caused by pov-erty than poverty by drunkenness. Ills and evils are no less potent because imperceptible to the human eye. Evils and ills in the sys-tem known as marriage whether evictors the to the human eye. Evils and ills in the sys-tem known as marriage, whether existent in India or America, are the product of a condi-tion of coercion which is provided for in a con-tract entered upon often without understand-ing, and to be continued without regard to consequences. The ceremony of marriage is the letter, it is not the spirit of the law. There is no real marriage save the marriage of the spirit.

All human relationships and interests are subject to the solvent of the spirit. Disease and health are fluctuating factors in life's being, for none can be well when indulging in evil thoughts, or surrounded by untoward environment.

Millions of mankind are too weak to conquer their environment, but are conquered hereby; and expression of the spirit is thus deferred.

Spiritualism does not come as a mere mechanism to demonstrate the fact that our de-parted ones still live, but as a philosophy which enables us to overcome all ills by understanding their origin. Panoplied in truth and justice, we may conquer all below. Do not lament these chaotic states; they are the ualism? Do they not remember that New nebulæ for forming better. Never were bright it is the medicine for you.

er prospects for spiritual advancement than the present holds. Press forward, fainting heart, the light is dawning! God's messen-gers are born of human conquests. We will rise on wings of truth, and claim our immor-tuity."

tality. "Woman's Bay" was successfully celebrated at Lily Dale on Aug. 22d. Over two thousand people arrived on the regular trains, and presumably another thousand upon the excursion trains.

Flags and yellow ribbons and buntings were

floating from porches, balconies, windows and every place where there was room to put them; and the man or woman who was minus the suffrage badge was below par in the esti-mation of Lily Dale. Chairman Barrett opened the session by a well-worded address of welcome to the suffrag-

well-worded address of welcome to the suffragists who had come to Cassadaga for their annual celebration. He said the suffrage movement was born the same year and simultaneously with the Rochester knockings, the beginning of Modern Spiritualism, and that Spiritualism embraced every movement that is for liberty and equal rights.

liberty and equal rights.

Mrs. E. R. Clark of Stockton was then introduced as the Chairwoman of the day, and made well worded reply to Mr. Barrett's address of

welcome.

Miss Susan B. Anthony was then introduced. She said she was glad to be here at this camp, which has always been abreast in every work

which has always been abreast in every work of reform. If as much had been done by the Methodists, Baptists or Episcopalians as had been done by the Spiritualists, there would not have been paper enough or ink enough or tongues enough to have written and spoken their praises. "But," said she, "it is impossible for us to offer our thanks to Spiritualists without being doubly damned, for they are just as unpopular as the suffragists."

Miss Anthony spoke of the defeat of the woman's suffragists before the State Convention the present year, at which time a petition of half a million names was presented. She termed it a Bunker Hill defeat, not a Waterloo defeat—which means that they are gathering up their forces for a reörganization and an attack on the Legislature, and that they expect to win. The campaign is to begin at once, and intended to roll up another half-million of names. lion of names.

The audience was swelled greatly beyond The audience was swelled greatly beyond the capacity of the Pavillon in the afternoon, and round after round of applause was given Rev. Anna Shaw as she poured forth eloquence, logic and witticism. She said she always liked to stand upon the Cassadaga platform, for she felt perfectly safe. "There is no penalty for heretics in Lily Dale," said she, "and you could n't turn me out of your church if you wanted to."

The famous North-Western Orchestra discoursed its most soul-stirring selections, and

coursed its most soul-stirring selections, and the choir sang patriotic airs. Upon the rosthe choir sang patriotic airs. Upon the rostrum were many veteran suffragists and Spiritualists, who, it has been discovered, go hand in hand in the march of progress. Among them was Mrs. Marion H. Skidmore, Mrs. Dr. Sarah Morris and Mrs. Sarah Anthony Burtis, the oldest living suffragist and Spiritualist. Three thousand tickets were sold during the day.

At the grand dance in the Pavilion in the evening the women reigned supreme. One hundred and fifty dance tickets were sold, and the grand march in the beginning, headed by Miss Anthony and Miss Shaw, was a pretty

The camp was again treated to a flying visit from Hon. A. B. French on Thursday, and he was welcomed to the rostrum by the applause of hosts of admirers—many of them friends of the long ago, who have known him intimately and who have followed him with sympathetic

and appreciative hearts through all his varied trials and triumphs.

Mr. French opened his discourse by saying that he had been identified with this camp and had stood upon its rostrum some portion of the time each year for eleven years. He had spoken here when a hemlock stump was the rostrum and hemlock boughs were the the rostrum and hemlock boughs were the covering. Somehow he loved to watch the public pulse, and he was proud and happy to confess that during his brief visit here this year he had found the people thinking more deeply, more broadly and more earnestly than any he had found elsewhere. Nowhere had he met people so thoroughly in earnest—so imbued with the spirit of fraternal love.

Several questions of importance had been put to him since coming on the grounds, and he

to him since coming on the grounds, and he would take the opportunity to answer some of them publicly. One was "What do you think of the National Organization?" in answer to which Mr. French said: "I think well of it. Nature accomplishes everything by organization, and wherever there is a lack of it there is disintegration. I do not belong to that class of beings who want no coöperation. The National Organization cannot fail of doing a good work. I believe that our friends who called the convention builded wiser than they knew. There are fields to day waiting and ripening for the sickle." He had recently been at Lookout Mountain,

Tenn, and gave a glowing description of its natural scenery and resources. He said the people there were ready and anxious to turn people there were ready and anxious to turn the camp over to the National Organization, and would, probably, when the next conven-tion meets. "The success of the organization," said he, "depends wholly upon the Spiritual-ists, and if they have not interest enough and energy enough to put their shoulders to the energy enough to put their shoulders to the wheel and move it forward, they do not deserve

In answer to the question "Do you believe in reincarnation?" Mr. French said, in substance, that he looked upon it as a question which is beyond the domain of logic. He thought the

reincarnation?" Mr. French said, in substance, that he looked upon it as a question which is beyond the domain of logic. He thought the theory would somewhat militate against the order of Nature, as generally understood. "To me," said the speaker, "there is more mystery behind the cradle than beyond the coffin."

Another question was: "Why do you not show the defects of the prevailing religious teachings, instead of eulogizing them?"

"Because," said he, "I consider it ignoble. The cheapest and meanest work in the world is to pose as a fault-finder. The era of negation is past. The era of affirmation is here. We do not want iconcolasts; we want builders, and philosophers and teachers of the higher life."

Tae speaker mentioned with deep emotion a message he had received, while here, from his son, who had passed out under the most trying circumstances. He said that one brief message which proved the identity of that son, in whom were centered his hopes, his ambitions and his love, was of more value to him than all the sermons and all the wealth in christendom.

In answer to the question: "Do you believe our Republic is a failure?" the speaker's eloquence rose to its sublimest height. He did not believe an institution so grand as our Republic could be destroyed: "Even if it were possible," said he, "that this Republic should die to-night, historians would always point to it as the brightest spot in the world's history. The world has only just begun its career of progress, and though it must needs pass through darkness and struggles the right will come uppermost and justice will be done."

It was asked: "Will the world ever have a universal religion?" in answer to which the speaker elaborated the fact that we are building, every day, the universal religion which is the universal brotherhood of man.

The percration was grand, tender, eloquent and sublime, and moved many of the audience to tears.

Oreha E. Tousey.

Judge-"The evidence against you is insufficient, and the jury finds you not guilty of stealing the overcoat; you are discharged." Uncle Abe-"Tank yo', Jedge, tank yo'. Now dat obercoat's mine, kin I wan it daytimes?"—Truth.

Peculiar to Itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself, in a strictly medicinal sense, in three important particulars, viz., first, in the combination of remedial agents used; second, in the proportion in which they are mixed; third, in the process by which the active curative properties of the preparation are secured. These three important points make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar in its medicinal merit, as it accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

But it is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. What Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others is reason for confidence that Written for the Banner of Light. DESIRE.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

What is the something, ever in the wake Of the soul's journey—like a phantom bird Forever from its billowy nest bestirred, That plumes its wings? It must be souls would make A higher flight, above life's stormy sea; Wind-tossed and beaten by its surging waves; How else should come the blessedness it craves. And the fruition of the bliss to be?

Come, then, oh! pure desire, on thy white wings. Duty is sweet; thoughtful of others' good. Life has no burden in the final sum. For, if another to our garment clings, And so is lifted, then 't is understood How pure desire makes life a heaven become

Original Essay.

PSYCHIC GLEANINGS:

"The Higher Aspects of Spiritualism."

BY ALBERT MORTON.

No. VII.

MONG the earnest seekers after spiritual truths, none have been more zealous and intelligent than W. Stainton Moses, and his writings, both automatic and normal, convey a vast amount of spiritual instruction, indispensable to those desirious of information on this grand subject. The following excerpts (omissions necessary for condensation not noted) are from "Spirit Teachings," given through the automatic writing of Mr. Moses by his

guide "IMPERATOR," who said:

"The theological story of a fall from a state of purity to a state of sin, as usually detailed and accepted, is misleading. Few, perhaps, even of those among you who have pondered on the subject, have not given up all attempts to reconcile with reason so distorted a legend on the subject, have not given up an attempte to reconcile with reason so distorted a legend. You may better direct your attention for the present to man's condition as an incarnated spirit, and seek to learn how progressive devel-opment, in obedience to the laws which govopment, in obedience to the laws which govern him, leads to happiness in the present and advancement in the immediate future. The far-off spheres, into which only the refined and purified can enter, you may leave in their seclusion. Sufficient that you know that they unfold their portals only to the blessed ones, and that you and all may be ranked within them after due preparation and development. It is more important that we speak of man's duty and work in the earth-life. This Being, temporarily enshrined in the body of earth, we regard as a conscious, responsible intelligence, with duties to perform, with responsibilities, with capacities, with accountability, and with power of progress or retrogression.

gence, with duties to perform, with responsibilities, with capacities, with accountability, and with power of progress or retrogression. The incarnated spirit has its conscience, rude frequently and undeveloped, of inherent right and wrong. It has its opportunities of development, its degrees of probation, its phases of training and its helps in progression, if it will use them. Man, as a responsible, spiritual being, has duties which concern himself, his fellow-men, and his God.

The influence of spirit upon spirit is only now (1873) beginning to be recognized among men; yet therein lie some of the mightiest helps and bars to human progress. For the present we may sum up man's highest duty as a spiritual entity in the word Progress—in knowledge of himself, and of all that makes for spiritual development. The duty of man, considered as an intellectual being, possessed of mind and intelligence, is summed up in the word Culture in all its infinite ramifications; not in one direction only, but in all; not for earthly aims alone, but for the grand purpose of developing the faculties which are to be perpetuated in endless development. Man's duty to himself as a spirit lnearnated in a body of flesh is Purity in thought, word and act. In these three words, Progress, Culture, Purity, we roughly sum up man's duty to himself as a

these three words, Progress, Culture, Purity, we roughly sum up man's duty to himself as a spiritual, an intellectual and a corporeal being. Respecting the duty which man owes to the race of which he is a unit, to the community of which he is a unit, to the community of which he is a member, we strive again to crystallize into one word the central idea which should animate him. That word is CHARITY. Tolerance for divergence of opinion; charitable construction of doubtful words and deeds; kindliness in intercourse; readiness to help, without desire for recompense; courtesy and gentieness of demeanor, patience under mis-representation; honesty and integrity of pur-pose, tempered by loving kindness and for-bearance; sympathy with sorrow; mercy, pity and tenderness of heart; respect for author-

The note of spirit teaching is earnestness and zeal. In it you will find no shirking of the consequences of acts. Such shirking is impossible. Sin carries with it its own punishment. Nor will you find a convenient substitute on whose shoulders you may bind the burdens which you have prepared. Your own back must bear them, and your own spirit groan under their weight. Neither will you find encouragement to live a life of animal sensuality couragement to live a life of animal sensuality and brutish selfishness, in the hope that an Orthodox belief will hide your debased life, and that faith will throw a veil over impurity. You will gain mercy when you have deserved it; or rather repentance and amendment, purity and sincerity, truth and progress will bring their own reward. You will not then require either mercy or pity. This is the religion of body and spirit which we proclaim."

Herein we are taught that Spiritualism demands of its votaries higher morality than Orthodox Christianity, for it opens no doors for easy escape from purgatory by the purchase of masses from priests; nor does it delude us with the hope that after a life of selfish indulgence we may, by eleventh-hour repentance, atone for our sins, of omission or commission, by bathing in the blood of a lamb; no blood or sacrifice of others will cleanse us-we must reap as we sow, and if we sow seed mixed with tares we reap a sorry mixture.

Belief in the phenomena presented by the harmonious movements of the stellar bodies is not evidence that the believer is an astronomer; no more does the acceptance of belief in the phenomena of spirit power and communion with its unseen directors indicate that the believer has developed in spirituality. Many mere phenomenalists, whose lives have not been made purer by the knowledge of the truth of spirit communion, have not developed beyoud the condition of their spirit-affinities, the "heathen Chinee," who brays his hideous horns and clangs his discordant cymbals to scare away the devils in pursuit of the spirit of the cadaver en route to the cemetery.

Verily the discordant shrickings of those who live in fear of evil spirits are on a spiritual (?) plane with those who scatter mock money in the streets to divert the devil's attention. One of the purest Spiritualists of the present century said: "If you meet no gods it is because you harbor none"; the converse is equally as true -if you meet devils it is because you invite their company. If they, unconsciously to your self perhaps, slip into your presence in an unto New Bedford, or to Newport, or up to Old

guarded hour, they will speedlly depart if the conditions are found uncongenial.

The true Spiritualist is he who lives a life marked by spirituality; such Spiritualists are blessings to humanity; beacons to the mariners on life's stormy sea, and their examples and influence, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, extend like benedictions to other kindred souls, lighting the way up the heights.

Eminent among those beacon-lights stands forth William Stainton Moses (M. A. Oxon), who passed to the higher life Sept. 5th, 1892, leaving a void in the ranks of writers for the elevation of the Cause of Spiritualism which it is improbable will be filled within the present generation. No medium and writer has done as much to remove the stigma attached to the Cause of Spiritualism in England by the mercenary tricksters and frauds who cling to its skirts everywhere. He was a Chevalier Bayard, sans peur, sans reproche, a tower of strength to the timid, a beacon of light to the seekers of higher light, combining in a measure never before found among the workers for Modern Spiritualism the attainments of a highly cultured normal writer, fearless and true; a highly developed medium in a vast range of phases-automatic and direct writing, rapping, movement of physical objects, the passage of matter through matter, the production of spirit-perfumes, etc., and trance-speaking in the most cultured and eloquent forms. His purity of life, self-sacrificing and continuous labors for humanity and high standing among people of culture and social position, was a constant denial of the slanderous charges frequently avowed, that physical mediumship indicates a low order of mentality and moral ity, and of necessity attracts the control of low spirits. His grandeur of soul gave the lie to the orthodox claim that Spiritualism is "the work of the devil"-the all-sufficient answer to that absurdity was to point to the purity of life and high attainments of this medium. If he was an agent of their satanic majesty, let us pray for an army of such devil-servers to cultivate our waste places.

This brief and imperfect sketch may be better closed by the tributes of Mr. Moses's personal acquaintances. At a meeting of the London Society for Psychical Research, March 9th, 1894, the eminent scientist, F. W. H. Myers, said:

"In the cases of Swedenborg, of Judge Edmonds, of the Secress of Prevorst, of Home and lastly of Stainton Moses, there are confirming facts in support of the claim of inde-pendent action of outside intelligences. Next to Swedenborg, there was in the experience of Mr. Moses the largest and most consistent series of teachings given to the world in this psychial represent chical manner.

I cannot better close this feeble but heartfelt tribute to my beloved spirit-friend and brother than by adding the lines accompanying the memorial card, "In affectionate memory of William Stainton Moses (M. A. Oxon), editor of Light, and First President of the London Spiritualist Alliance":

Memories all too bright for tears Crowd around us from the past; Faithful toiled be to the last— Faithful through unflagging years. Dying, he can never die!
To the dust his dust we give;
In our hearts his heart shall live,
Moving, guiding, working aye." Summerland, Cal.

(From The Conglomerate.)

Onset, Mass.

BY LUTHER R. MARSH. Onset sits like a queen on the rounded beach of Onset Bay. The bay itself is an append to the great Buzzard; stretching inland some four or five miles, carrying with it the salt water and ocean breeze, subdued and modified, and yet charged with healing powers. Buzzard's Bay, be it known, is no small reservoir, but calls on the ocean to fill, with its surplus, a space of land-depression eight by thirty miles; and it has decked its borders with many a famous town: Wareham (you are ostracised if you don't put an emphasis on the last syllable) Matterwicett Marion Bayrae Fairhayan. ble), Mattapoisett, Marion, Bourne, Fairhaven, and the city of Whalers, old New Bedford. and the city of Whalers, old New Bedford.
The view up Onset Bay is entrancing—to the village of Monument Beach, at the opposite end, to the towers of Gray Gables, on whose porches Ruth Cleveland now plays her gambols; along the sunny sides of the Bay, oft interspersed with pleasing architecture, till you come down to Wickett's Island—a radiant emerald gam in the gidded setting—which divides erald gem, in its gilded setting—which divides the bay, and on either side of which skiffs and

the bay, and on either side of which skiffs and sail boats and steamers constantly come and go. Onset Bay is of the right size—not too large to be handled and enjoyed. It has a fringe of trees, which is rare for the sandy seacoast. Almost continually there comes the fragrance of the kelp. Indeed, the ocean air need not go up Buzzard's Bay and then turn up right angles into Onset Bay, and then down it to reach you, but it may cross, more directly, over the land, and bring the saline particles ere they are aware that they have left their native bed.

Till within some twenty years or so, Onset

bed.

Till within some twenty years or so, Onset was practically undiscovered. The Indians—the Wampanoags—knew of it, in former times, and near it planted their huts, and called the village Agawam. This was within the borders of ancient Wareham. Massasoit was King, one of the noblest Red Men—a man whose stern integrity would do honor to any race; a very Aristides. The Mayflower pilgrims entered into treaty stipulations with this royal ruler, and he kept his agreement sacredly. "Not many generations ago," as the poet-pen of Charles Sprague puts it, where the campers now sit, "circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that now rolls over their heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for them, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze heamed on the tender and the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here
the wigwam blaze beamed on the 'tender and
the helpless, the council fire glared on the wise
and the daring."

Occasionally some token is found of its form

er occupants. Its aboriginal name was "Oniset," in commemoration of the virtues of an honored chief, but the whites have cut it down

honored chief, but the whites have cut it down to Onset.

In 1876, a company of far seeing men purchased the tract bordering the end of the bay; formed a company, became incorporated, and this new entity, "The Onset Bay Grove Association," started off on its corporate existence. Famous it has since become, and thither, every summer, tend the footsteps of those who would mingle the evidences of their common faith, and bring the attesting proof that spirits, decarnated, and mortals, incarnated, can commune together.

carnated, and mortals, incarnated, can commune together.

Pleasant places all around are in abundance. An hour or so's ride along old Buzzard brings you to Falmouth, whence, looking over Nantucket Sound, the lovely abodes of Cottage City gleam on the view. Take this steamer and visit Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard! Would you pay your respects to the Hub? It is a short and easy ride. Plymouth and the pilgrim-rock! Close by. Take in Marshfield, if you will, and pause at the tomb of the great. There moulders the mortal frame of the Defender. There lie the meadows he loved to wander over; the waters he so often trolled in, while inspirations swept in upon him. The while inspirations swept in upon him. The Old Colony R. R. meanders all around, and will take you everywhere; and the ocean beckens you to trust its waves. It is a favored

Orchard and to Portland. Well, the road, by sea or land, is not blocked in any direction.

If you feel like saying: "I will remain quietly here, Onset is good enough for me," then lie down anywhere on the clean white sand and rest. Let the fragrance of the juniper and the sweet forn entrance your sense; while the white canvas seduces the wind, and, sail north or south, or east or west, it can always manage so to veer and beat as to puff the swelling sail. Birds of many a colored wing, shrilly volced or full-throated, filt from branch to branch, and "music melts on every spray."

Go down if you will to the hard beach; see what the surf heaves in; watch the fiddlers as they scramble away; dig in the sand and reveal the thoughtless clam, so deeply hidden and yet so insecure; play with Nature in her moods, or merry or sedate; inhale the crisp and stimulating air that has come over a thousand miles of sea, and dropped by the way every particle of impurity; and be thou thankful to the Great Father for his "wonderful goodness to the children of men."

One peculiarity of Onset is its freedom. Fences do not distract you. If your neighbor's lot lies in your path, cross it at any angle you please. The imprint of your footstep on the sand is not forbidden. Pleasant little by-paths lead in all directions; and, go here, go there, the neat, dry sand leaves no mark upon your sandals. A rain, however profuse, does not

lead in all directions; and, go here, go there, the neat, dry sand leaves no mark upon your sandals. A rain, however profuse, does not keep you indoors after the last drop has fallen; for, rage as Jupiter Pluvius may, the insatiable sands instantly drink up the down-pour, and you may walk out as dry shod as Moses was in the forsaken bed of the Red Sea.

In October comes the "Festival of the Harvest Moon." All is done that can be thought of to honor the memories of those whose moccasins pressed these sands "long time ago." Indian tokens of every kind give variety to the scene. Wigwams are adorned, festoons and streamers attract the eye: the great hall is bannered; the parti-colored woodlands have given up their draperies of brown and green, the flaming woodbine and crimson maple decorate the Temple; robes of the buffalo shelter the tents, and all the bounties of the gardens—grapes and grasses, corn and apples, long-necked soughless and round-halled numbers. grapes and grasses, corn and apples, long-necked squashes and round-bellied pumpkins (oh, so suggestive!), and flowers that rival the rainbow, are piled and arranged in all the neg-ligence and profusion of Nature, and all the precision and picturesqueness of Art.

Banner Correspondence.

Our friends in every part of the country re earnestly invited to forward brief letters items of local news, etc., for use in this depart-

Illinois.

GENESEO. - A correspondent writes that 'White Rose' (J. C. F. Grumbine) having resigned his post as Unitarian minister at this place and entered the spiritual field; and having been unfolded for that purpose by the spirit-world as an inspirational speaker and medium, is now arranging his program of engagements with spiritual societies for the coming season, 1894 and '95. His guides are of a high order of

spiritual societies can make engagements with him for Sunday or week-day work. Societies in the South and West, as well as in the ties in the South and West, as well as in the East, may find endorsement of what is here said by consulting the President and other officers of the 'Twin City Camp' at Michigan, at which camp Mr. Grumbine, who was introduced to the Spiritualists of the great Northwest by that eloquent lecturer, Willard J. Hull, gave a lecture under the inspiration of Spirit Elizabeth Barrett Browning on 'The Source of All Light and its Outflowing Power and Expression in All Worlds.'

All letters should be addressed to White Rose, Geneseo, Ill., or care C. H. Horine, Union Stock Yards, Chicago. He gives psychometric readings and clairvoyant tests.''

Connecticut.

WEST WINSTED.—Lewis Andrews writes:
"My mother, when a young lady living in Danbury, Conn., about the year 1794, had an experience which startled the whole community. An intimate lady friend of hers had then recently passed from earth-life. Some weeks after, my mother was riding on horse-back into the country wish gone friends. weeks after, my mother was riding on horse-back into the country to visit some friends. Passing through a forest, she came to a clearing with a rail fence next to the road. On her return, being about half way through the clearing, she saw a lady sitting on the top rail of this fence; as she neared the figure, which was sitting with its face to the road, she discovered it to be her dear friend who had recently passed on. She was terrified—put whip to the horse, and fled for home! My mother passed away at the age of seventy-two years. Her last request to me was: 'Lewis, come often to my grave; my spirit will be there to bless you!'

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—S. M. Baldwin writes, Aug. 28th: "Clark Mills made for me the bust of Thomas Paine, as painted by Jarvis in 1803; I gave it to the First Society to decorate the rostrum when Mrs. A. H. Luther lectured here last May; and will let the N. S. A. have it during the coming October convention. Sculptor Clark Mills made this bust for me about twelve years ago. It is the only one in the United States made by him. It is much admired."

Ohio.

GENEVA. — Edwin A. Swett, Secretary, writes: "The Geneva Spiritualists have made an advancement. At a business meeting held at the home of the President, Mr. L. E. Pancost, the Rev. Carrie C. Van Duzee was elected by a parallely and the president of the First Spiritual unanimous vote pastor of the First Spiritual-ists' Society of this place: Thus showing due respect and high regard for Mrs. V. and her worthy and faithful guides."

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of the Sanative Wash. "I am now well and strong, am never troubled with either of the complaints. If more women would use Mrs. Pinkham's medicines there would be less suffering in the world." - Mrs. Ida Casler, 126 Olive St., Syracuse, N. Y.

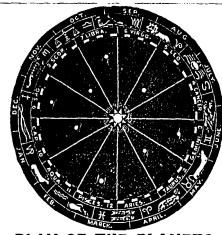


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John W. Day.......Associate Editor. Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of Knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpout.

New Trial Subscriptions!

The Banner of Light will (as announced in its prospectus) be furnished to NEW TRIAL subscribers at 50 cents for 3 months.

This liberal offer is made in order to introduce the paper to those who have not yet formed practical acquaintance with its valnable and sterling contents.

While thanking its regular subscribers for their continued patronage, THE BANNER'S publishers desire that this journal, which is devoted to the spiritual movement, as well as to secular reforms in behalf of our common humanity, shall receive ample support from the public at large. COLBY & RICH.

Volume Seventy-Six.

The readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT turn the pages, in the present number of the paper, of a new Volume. Many of them have lived to do it a great many times. THE BANNER starts on no different career on such an occasion from that which it has faithfully pursued from the beginning. It is not necessary, therefore, to utter any new pledges and frame any new promises at this particular time. The old is becoming the new continually, and what has been done by THE BANNER in the long past will continue to be done in the future, in a fresh spirit and with constantly revived energy of purpose. It hardly need put forth any new promises, where all the time it is engaged in performance. Nor is it any more necessary to make special reference to the present standing of Spiritualism before the world. It is no longer a Cause requiring either advocacy or defense. Its representatives are engaged more actively than ever in the high and holy work they have chosen as their own. With all the inharmony prevalent in the ranks -as it must be admitted that it does existthe Cause is in no danger of suffering more than temporary and fleeting harm. It is never spirit that receives wounds, but that which is material only and unreal.

No words are more appropriate and fit, for the reason that none are more necessary, in opening a new volume of THE BANNER, than those which contain an appeal, directly and earnestly, to the spiritualistic public to come up in a solid body at this time to the substantial pecuniary support of its publishers in the successful continuation of the work in which they have been so long engaged.

Dr. Holmes, on his very recent birthday, called himself eighty-five years young; so is THE BANNER seventy-six volumes young, and will become ever more and more young and alive under the influences that are now invoked for its support.

How to Secure Rest.

"The Secret of Rest," formed the theme of a recent pulpit discourse by Rev. Mr. Savage, in which occurs a series of striking and timely thoughts for every one to take home into the conduct of his and her own life. In considering the burdens that weigh us down, and the common things that trouble us, disturb our peace, and prevent our attaining our natural and normal rest, he proposed nothing like an universal panacea, nor any prescription for one that would work for all. He simply sought to suggest the way in which we might find a relative peace, greater than that which the most of us are accustomed to enjoy.

First, come the world-weary who suffer from ennut, feeling that life is unsatisfactory, that all things are hollow and empty, that life is not worth the living, and that they would perhaps be glad to lay down the burden of existence altogether. Not those who have worn them. | pleasantly and successfully.

selves out in labor for mankind; they are never weary, much less do they make complaint: those who labor unselfishly for others never belong to this world-weary class. But those who take refuge in suicide, who become pessimistic, who find no meaning in life—more generally the well-to-do and prosperous, the ones who have never done anything for their fellow-men, that have no high motive, no grand purpose in life! He knew a rich man here in Boston, whom he frequently met; with the saddest face he ever saw; no gleam of hope in the eyes, a face kindled with no high purpose. He had never known of his thinking of anybody else, caring for anybody else, or doing anything for anybody else.

Next come the men and women who in this modern world carry such a burden of respon-

Prof. Berthelot of Paris is a firm believer in the fabrication of the staples of human food in the chemist's laboratory, and the possible extinction thereby of the whole industry of agriculture. He holds that synthetic chemistry offers the certain evidence of the discovery and manufacture of many compounds now entirely unknown, whose effect upon human health, human life and human happiness no one can possibly conjecture. Given certain sources of energy, the artificial production of food will become a much simpler problem, and will fall into the hands of chemistry. The hard preliminary work is done. The Professor claims to have accomplished the synthesis of the fats and oils years ago. That of the sugars and carbo-hydrates is the study of the present time, and that of the nitrogenous compounds is not far off. What the animals and vegetables have produced through the energy of nature, we shall produce as well, if not better, by our study of nature's laws.

Strange though it may seem, the day will come when man will sit down to dine from his toothsome tablet of nitrogenous matter, his portions of savory fat, his rolls of starch compounds, his castorful of aromatic spices, and his bottles of wine or spirits, which have all been economically manufactured in his own factories, independent of irregular seasons, unaffected by frost, and free from the microbes with which ever-generous nature sometimes modifies the value of her gifts. All this will took, perfect in detail, although crude. Long may you and your cowarders he spared to his bottles of wine or spirits, which have all be due to chemistry and her sister science, may you and your co-workers be spared to physics. If one chooses to base dreams prophysics. If one chooses to base dreams, pro phetic fancies, upon the facts of the present, one may dream of alterations in the present conditions of human life so great as to be beyond our contemporary conception. One can foresee the disappearance of the beasts from our fields, because horses will no longer be used for traction or cattle for food. The countless acres given over to growing grain and producing vines will then be agricultural antiquities. The equal distribution of natural food materials will have done away with custom-houses, with national frontiers kept wet with human blood. Man will have grown too wise for war, and war's necessity will have ceased to be. Distances will diminish, and the distinction between fertile and non-fertile regions, from the causes named, will largely have passed away. Deserts now uninhabited may be made to blossom, and be sought after as great seats of population in preference to the alluvial plains and rich valleys, soils rich with putrefaction, which we now occupy, which constitute the great agricultural and popular centres of

Man should grow in sweetness and nobility, because he will have done with war, with existence based on the slaught r of beasts. Perhaps synthetic chemistry, or what we might call spiritual chemistry, will develop means to alter man's moral nature as profoundly as material chemistry will change the conditions of his environment. There is no fear that art, beauty and the charm of human existence are destined to disappear. If the surface of the earth is no longer divided and disfigured by regain its natural verdure of woods and flowers. Men becoming familiar with the principles and responsibilities of self-government, they will be more easily governed. The favored portions of the earth will become vast gardens, in which the human race will dwell amid a peace, a luxury and an abundance recalling the Golden Age of legendary lore.

These are dreams, as admitted by the Professor, but science may surely be permitted to dream. If it were not for our dreams, where would be our impulse to progress? The dauntless men of science propose that all should be made when wanted. The time is coming when, by methods already foreseen, we shall store and make use of the heat of the sun. But far greater in importance than this will be the ultimate and widespread use of the central heat of our globe. The incessant advances of soience give us a sure basis upon which to expect a limitless amount of energy drawn from this

Dr. T. A. Bland of Washington D. C .now temporarily residing in Boston-was the orator, Labor Day, at Salem, Mass. His cogent remarks on the labor question were well re- efit of poor humanity, in this world, rather ceived, and the whole celebration passed off

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

The good words corroborative of the relia bility of spirit-communications in THE BAN-NER, and high praise for the excellent medionly room for the following specimens: To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have awaited with considerable anxiety the publication of the message of OLIVER WATKINS, announced as having been given at THE BANNER circle weeks ago. My anxiety arose from the fact that one Oliver Watkins was hung for mirder in my native town, Brooklyn, Conn., the first Friday in August, 1831. As soon as I saw the name, I was sure he was the communicant, and as, each week, I scanned the announcements, the impression was intensified, and I find that I was correct.

The hanging and its scenes have remained very vivid in my memory, colored my thought

Next come the men and women who in this modern world carry such a burden of responsibility for the course of the world; the world's great problems lay upon their brains. Or those people who are in perpetual worry over their households and children, instead of having their simple joy day by day. Then, again, the people who are haunted by an ideal of their own characters and attainments, which, instead of being a stimulus, becomes discouragement and despair. And, finally, those wide many deaths in fearing the inevitable and natural one; who all their lives long find a shadow overhanging them.

The first thing for us to do is to find for our selves a purpose in life—to have an unfaltering trust in the meaning of our lives. This is the true secret of rest. We find, in studying this universe, not only power but order, down even to the minutest thing—order so perfect that the disorderly displacement of a single grain of sand would lead to the belief that the Almighty grasp was lessened. We are all of us children of the loving Infinite Spirit, and we have demonstration that death is only a process of life.

We have reason for rest, then, in those great transcendent reliances which are not superstition, not groundless faith, but which find a strong basis in the reason and order of things.

We have reason and order of things, and the safely and the safely hour. If we have the safely and the safely hour of the transcendent reliances which are not superstition, not groundless faith, but which find as strong basis in the reason and order of things.

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many thousands that day, the civil authority of the town, to preserve the peace, deemed it politic to appoint an extra force of constabulary. So much for the moral efficacy of capital punishment. It is brutal and brutalizing, whether public or private, whether by the rope or the electric chair. There was murder in the hearts of scores upon scores of those who had witnessed the awful tragedy. Sad, is n't it, that the most strenuous upholders of the gallows have been ministers of the gospel!!

I did not witness the execution, nor would I have done so if the wealth of the world had been laid at my feet. My soul revolted at the legal murder being perpetrated, and when Rev. Mr. Tillotson seated himself on the coffin and became a particeps criminis, I, though a boy,

Mr. Tillotson seated himself on the coffin and became a particeps criminis, I, though a boy, could not help thinking that the religion which could drop to that low level was more hellish than heavenly.

As I close, I sense the presence of the spirit communicating, and am assured that sometime he will visibly appear and take my hand. Should he do so, he shall have a hearty greeting and a warm welcome.

Should he do so, he snan nave a solution and a warm welcome.

Perhaps I ought to add, that the conviction was solely on circumstantial evidence, there being nothing positive in the case.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

16 Peace street, Providence, R. I.

PLUMMER CATE.

We wish to verify the message in THE BAN-NER of June 23d, from our darling, and to thank the medium, Mrs. B. F. Smith. When carry comfort and consolation to the saddened hearts who are bereft. Our loving thoughts of helpfulness and sympathy will ever be with you. Mr. AND Mrs. J. P. CATE. Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 27th, 1894.

The message from my daughter, IDA MAY Dodge, given May 26th, is correct. I wish to express my gratitude to you and Mrs. B. F.

express my gratitude to you and Mrs. B. F. Smith for the same. She has communicated twice before through the mediumship of Mrs. Longley (in The Banner), and the messages sound very much like my Ida May.

I cannot find words to express my joy and satisfaction in thus hearing from my dear departed ones gone from my sight. Oh! the joy that Spiritualism is bringing to the hearts of sad and weary ones of earth who are struggling on through adversities in this life, yet who are honing sometime to meet the dear ones in a far

on through adversities in this life, yet who are hoping sometime to meet the dear ones in a far better world of sunshine and gladness.

I attended the Twin City Camp a few days; was anxious to see Edgar W. Emerson, knowthat he could be there only one week. On account of the strike on the road I did not get there until Saturday—two days before he left. You may judge of my happy surprise when I reached the grounds to hear that my children, six in number, had already given their names through Emerson the Sunday before, and a gentleman, and one who attended Ida's funeral thirteen years ago, being in the audience, responded. I never met Emerson before. I will say that he is a grand test medium. He never made one mistake during the week he was on the ground.

Rochester, Minn., Aug. 23d, 1894. ground. ELIZA Rochester, Minn., Aug. 23d, 1894.

A friend writes us in a private letter from South Easton. Massachusetts: "THE BANNER comes to me weekly like a benediction, and I find solace in it during my evening the geometrical devices of agriculture, it will | hours; and no less to thousands of others it must be an imperishable leaf on the ever-green bay tree of their existence! You, my dear noble soul, have conducted it well; you have long borne witness unto the truth, and made that

truth clear to the comprehension of the many who were struggling in the depths of doubt and fear. You have brought them out of the clouds of error into the sunlight of liberty and life. You have long guarded Ged's chosen evangels that come so direct from his throne freighted with the joy and gladness that never ending life is our birthright, and that friendships, affections and loves endure eternally; that mothers' and fathers' tears will mingle in gladness at the meeting with their darlings in the 'sweet by and by,' and we shall share the pleasure of finding our 'lost' ones on the green

shore of the River of Life." Most of the Boston churches opened the Fall campaign last Sunday. We note that during "vacation" certain pastors "dreamed dreams," and told them to their people on Sunday; we will do them the credit to say that these dreams (in full harmony with the drift of the times) related to plans for the benthan the merely vicarious salvation of sinners in the next.

A Poet Spiritualist.

The late Cella Thaxter, the "post of the lales" (of Shonis), was possessed of a wide range of appreciative acquaintances and umship of Miss. B. F. Smith, continue to pour friends. Now that she has departed within in upon us. Of the many we have at present the veil, the following hint is given, in the Boston Herald, as to the possession by her of open vision" and medial power, possibly broadening into the physical phase of development. Be that as it may, there are many gifts of a like nature, possessed and utilized by noted people broadcast throughout the community, waiting for the Angel of Change to do his perfeet work before their existence is acknowledged to a skeptical world. Says The Herald concerning Mrs. Thaxter's obsequies:

"It was beautiful to see the record of a funeral where friends were not 'requested not to send flowers' last week, but where they were welcomed and heaped upon one who loved them so well—on an occasion so fitting.

Mrs. Thaxter was something of a Spiritist, and even held to materializing phenomena; and it was singular that to her, in her own belief, flowers came sometimes in showers, forming themselves from unseen givers about her. Temperament and her years of loneliness had given her a strong faith in invisible influ-ences, such as prevails in the northern isles, and sweet as was her character and sound as were her human sympathies, these were the most interesting elements in her nature."

Correspondents and Camp Secretaries

Will please remember that THE BANNER is a weekly, not a DAILY paper. Frequently enough matter is received on Tuesday morning (press day) to employ almost the large force of one of our Boston dailies to dispose of it! Consequently it must be condensed (causing much dissatisfaction to individual writers and speakers,) or "carried over" to the next issue (to the "disgruntlement" of secretaries and managers,) but our printers must have time to put it in type.

THE BANNER during the camping season has done its best to treat all, fairly; but writers must remember that the rule "first come first served" is as applicable to a newspaper as to other lines of business.

Religious Rancors Dying Out.

While the unification of all the forms of Christianity by ecclesiastical ties and through an acceptance of a common body of doctrine may be deemed impracticable, editorially remarks the New York Sunday Sun, there is no doubt that the era of religious rancors and sectarian antipathies is largely passing away. Unquestionably the time is ripe, or soon will be, for a moral cooperation of all men calling themselves Christians and human well wishers against the disciples of ignorant revolutionary teachings, which threaten the destruction alike of morals and civilization.

Read the earnest words of Spirits Rosa T. AMEDEY and HENRY C. WRIGHT on our sixth page. Such expressions of the appreciation of THE BANNER'S service, from old workers who are now enjoying the reward of well-spent lives in the material, are very encouraging to us!

PF Dr. J. M. Peebles, the "Spiritual Pilgrim," has a letter on the "Sunset Land" of California on our second page, which all should read.

Gen. N. P. Banks, after seventy-six years of an earnest, conscientious life, passed away on Saturday morning last at his home in Waltham. He had been a conspicuous figure in the history of Massachusetts from the time he was her governor, when a young man. down through military, congressional and national service, closing but a few years since. It is refreshing, in these days of public corruption, to record the fact that Gen. Banks's reputation was never tainted with dishonor, and he died a poor man.

An Interview with Mrs. M. E. Williams.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In view of the universal interest in spiritual circles attaching to the projected European tour of Mrs. Williams, I have prevailed upon her to grant me an interview for the BANNER OF LIGHT readers. Those who are acquainted with this estimable lady have been particularly struck with the earnestness, the sincerity, the deep, whole-souled devotion and fidelity which have characterized her remarkable work in the unfoldment of the Spiritual Philosophy. While enthusiastic in all movements looking toward the furtherance of the New Dispensation, she yet felt some diffidence in speaking of herself as the chosen disciple through whom the continental psychists hope to further their investigations.

"I have been," she said, "but a passive agent in the hands of destiny, as it were. The offers from these different societies came to me unsought, and the subsequent arrangements themselves have been perfected through my cabinet guides, entirely independent of any suggestion of my own. I have been content to have it so, for I feel they have a tent to have it so, for I feel they have a special work for me to perform. My thanks are due to Herr Max Rahn, the learned editor of Die Uebersinnliche Well, and Secretary of the Sphinx Society, under whose auspices I am to give seances in Germany. This gentleman has certainly been untiring in his efforts to propitiate matters connected with my coming tour. I have just received from him a pamphlet which has been issued in behalf of this movement."

After ransacking through a multitudinous mass of mail, which included circulars, books, papers and correspondence, she handed me a

papers and correspondence, she handed me a good-sized pamphlet, that contains as frontis-piece an excellent photogravure of Mrs. Wil-liams. The subject-matter is devoted entirely to her work as a medium, the whole embracing to her work as a medium, the whole embracing twenty-five pages of neat typography. She wishes me, however, to correct a misstatement which inadvertently occurs therein, to the effect that she was brought under the notice of the Sphinx Society by the Swiss Consul Instead, it was through the instrumentality of Mr. Hermann Handrich, Secretary to the Consulate and a contributor to various foreign journals, and Herr Wagner, editor of The Sphinx, gentlemen of exceptional intelligence, who have devoted much of their rare talent to the promulgation of advanced thought. Mrs. W. takes this opportunity of making this correction through your columns, as she deems it unfortunate the error should have crept into the bröchure. the brôchure.

the brochure.

"Is it any wonder," she continued, "that in the contemplation of this new field of work I am all confidence and enthusiasm? Now that the people in general, and the scientists in particular, have taken up the investigation of contents. particular, have taken up the investigation of Spiritualism in an honest, earnest spirit, I cannot but feel that the complete emancipation from ecclesiastical thraidom is but a matter of a few years at the most. For nearly two decades I have battled against skepticism and bigotry. My humble efforts, as well as those of other workers in the Cause, have been constantly opposed by the positiveness and the antagonism of a doubting demagoguery, and the jeers and anathemas of creed-bound minds, which make it a religious duty to shut tight the jeers and anathemas or creed-nound minds, which make it a religious duty to shut tight their eyes every time a ray of light is sent to blued exhaust of a thou dispel the darkness in which they are groping, be heard for ten miles and we can but welcome, with a feeling of basin played for hours.

relief and thanksgiving, the break of the new day which is at hand.

"I have letters from other parts of Europe, aside from those bearing on my regular engagements."

Here Mrs. Williams handed me letters from

gagements."

Here Mrs. Williams handed me letters from some of the most distinguished people in European affairs—people interested in the investigation of metaphysical science — offering the hospitality of their salons in which to hold scances. Asked regarding her season's work at the camp-meetings, she replied:

"As you know, I have just returned to the city. This was somewhat sooner than I anticipated; but so many of my New York friends, as well as a regular clientéle of visitors from out of town, have requested me so carnestly to give

town, have requested me so earnestly to give a few scances before my departure, that I have

town, have requested me so earnestly to give a few scances before my departure, that I have yielded, and will give my customary meetings during the month of September. The Lake George (N. Y.) Association, from the Camp of which I have just come, has labored hard and faithfully to realize all expectations. This is its first season, so the Camp might be termed embryotic as yet. But what a glorious prospect they have! The grounds are simply superb, and when the buildings are all completed, and satisfactory accommodations furnished, it will be a veritable paradise.

My visit to Lake Brady, O., was of so auspicious a nature that I cannot refrain from dilating upon the generous good-fellowship which met me at every turn. Every comfort was afforded me, and, withal, the conditions which characterized my séances were of so satisfactory a nature that it was with the keenest regret I bade them good-by. The present officers have their hearts in their work, and have toiled so gently and diligently toward the promotion of that which goes to assure harmony and good feeling throughout the ranks, that the success realized is but a legitimate result."

Mrs. Williams's season has been under the able management of Mr. Walter Regas, widely known as an accomplished musician and vocalist. Much of her success has been due to his indefatigable efforts, and to the genial qualities which have endeared him to all with whom he has come in contaot.

As I came away from where toile this busy

has come in contact.

has come in contact.

As I came away from where tolls this busy woman, literally immersed in a pile of correspondence—for all manner of people write her upon all classes of subjects—I could not help reflecting upon the noblity and dignity of her character—laboring, as she does, with almost a superhuman assiduity, for the enlightenment of soul-starved humanity. Surely hers is a noble mission.

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

New York, Aug. 30th, 1894.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

GOOD WISHES. Good wishes make our lives as bright As full-orbed moon on summer night!

FACE-VALUE—" I'd like to be a fine, large bank check," remarked the girl who was very pretty but poor. "Why?" luquired her companion. "Because its face makes it valuable."

France is worth, all property considered, £8,000,000,

Jasper—"How are the Jumpuppes getting along at housekeeping?" Mrs. Jasper—"Poorly. Mrs. Jumpuppe is not strong enough to fight for bargains at the big stores."—Truth.

FAMILIAR OLD BAYINGS. [In Six Stanzas.] NUMBER FIVE. As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall,
As hard as a milistone,
As bitter as gall.
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell,
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

Mark Twain says that "it gave him real pleasure" to hear that his works were almost the only thing Mr. Darwin read during the last period of his life, till he heard that Mr. Darwin suffered from a kind of mental atrophy, and was forbidden to read anything but absolute drivel.

New Clerk—"I have a customer who wants a certain glove, but we're out of her size; what shall I do?" Old Clerk—"Tell her she's been wearing one size too large."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

To detach a fish-bone from the throat, swallow a aw egg as quickly as it can be obtained.

If any one is looking
When he tries to steal a kiss,
Her virtuous indignation
Makes her look like this:

† † † † † † † † But when he tries to osculate

In some secluded place
She offers no objection, then,
To his {.

Seemingly but few people know, says The Sedgwick (Kau.) Pantagraph, that by writing with pen or penil on the margin of a newspaper or on the fly-leaf of a book and sending it through the mails at newspaper or book rates, they subject themselves to a fine. But such is true. It is permissible to mark an article or item with a pen or pencil, by drawing a line or making a cross for the purpose of calling attention to it, but no intelligible word must be written unless regular letter postage is paid. Correspondents, evidently of the creedal type, who sometimes send anonymous insulting soulds to THE BANNER, in this manner, will please remember the fact.

Medical Professor—"What is the function of the vermiform appendix?" Student—"To promote the cause of vivisection and prevent over-population."—

"Labor Day" hereabout was largely celebrated ten thousand men (representing one hundred and twenty-five organizations) marching through Boston streets, with unique mottoes, etc.

> He often laughed and sneered, did he, ie often taugueu a...
> t woman's curiosity;
> tt woman's curiosity;
> But always touched, as he went by,
> The paint, to see if it was dry,
> —New York Press.

On Sunday, Sept. 2d, from noon to night the sun in various parts of the country was obscured by a deep yellow appearance in the sky, which was not a mistbut was probably caused by the diffusion of attenuated smoke from the Western forest fires. Nothing like it has been known since the "yellow" or "red" Luesday (variously named) when the wounded President Garfield was removed to Elberon.

When a man comes to ask you for your opinion, he really asks you for a confirmation of his own.—Atcht-

Sept. 2d, the towns of Hinckley, Mission Creek and Pokegama, all in Minnesota, were totally consumed by a fire which swept down the Kettle river and Cross lake valley, where they were located. At least a thousand of the settlers and their families perished in the flames. Destitution is on every hand in the smitten district.

THE GERMAN BAND. The German band, in the noonday heat, Stopped at a corner of the street. Birkenheimer and Mederwurst Birkenheimer and Mederwurst
With cornets under their arms were first;
Next Schmidt with a clarinet that shone;
Then Han Von Beck with a great trombone;
While after them there would always come
Little Dutch Fritz with his big brass drum;
And, as the gathering crowd he eyed,
Birkenheimer, the leader cried:
"Ein-zwel-drei-so!
Vier-iunf-let her go!"
Then woompety-woompety-woomp they went,
And folks, wherever they took their stand,
Would always say, when they heard thom play,
There was nothing to equal the German band!
—St. Nicholas.

While Aug. 30th brought no definite selsmic catastrophe, mutterings of earthquakes were heard at different dates along the Mississippi Valley, and a shock was felt at the Norris geyser basin in the Yellowstone Park, Wyo. Soon afterward the New Orater geyser, which had been quiet for some time, broke out with terrific force, throwing stones weighing twenty-five pounds to the height of two hundred feet, steam rising five hundred feet, accompanied by a roar equallog the comblued exhaust of a thousand locomotives, which could be heard for ten miles. Every geyser in the Norris

Camp und Grobe-Meetings.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Though the thousands of campers and guests who make this lovely spot their summer home have gone their various ways, yet many still linger, loth to leave the scene of so many pleasures. Among the departures of the week, that of President Dailey was the most regretted by the friends left here. On Tuesday evening the genial President was pleasantly surprised to find himself the recipient of an ovation from some hundreds of the campers, who had quietly congregated on the bluff in front of and around his cottage, and presented him with a set of resolutions, expressing their appreciation of his services as President and his earnest and untiring defense of the interests of the New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association.

ciation.

The testimonial tendered Mrs. Margaret Owen, the well-known medium, in Association Hall, Monday evening, Aug. 27th, was a decided success socially and financially, consisting of interesting addresses by President Dailey, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Barnes, Dr. Temple, Mr. Cordingly and Mrs. Harlow. Mrs. Eva Hill furnished music for the occasion.

Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 29th, the Mystic Circle grounds at the Highlands were the scene of a very pretty service under the direction of Miss. Jennie Rhind, which closed with Miss Rhind as representative of the Mystic Circle, President Dailey representing the Ladles' Improvement Society, forming a triangle symbolic of the harmony existing between the three societies.

three societies.

Among the mediums whose powers during their sojourn among us have attracted more than usual attention are Mrs. Maud Lord Drake and Mrs. M. T.
Longley, to both of whom the thanks of the Association and of the Society are tendered for their kindness
and willingness at all times to assist us by exercising their truly wonderful powers on the rostrum and else

and willingness at all times to assist us by exercising their truly wonderful powers on the rostrum and elsewhere.

An incident, vouched for by a number of people who were present, occurred this week at the cottage of Mrs. M. V. Lincoln, which particularly impresses one with the wonderful mediumistic powers of Mrs. Drake. Mrs. Pearce, a friend of Mrs. Lincoln's, lay on a couch quite ill when Mrs. Drake entered, and seeing her condition volunteered to give her a treat ment, during which Mrs. Drake spoke of her hands feeling oily, and exhibiting them to the four persons present, who could see the oil drip from them, it having a rather unpleasant odor apparent to all. Mrs. Drake in their presence then washed and dried her hands, and started to continue the treatment, when they were filled as before, and continued to be so until the treatment was linished.

This occurred in daylight, the curtains being up, and each occupant of the room could plainly see Mrs. Drake hold out her hands empty and receive the oil in them. The effect of the one treatment was such that Mrs. Pearce, who previous to receiving it could hardly walk fifty yards without being in a state of total exhaustion, was able to be out most of the next day and enjoy fishing, boating and walking, and to return to her home in New York soon after.

Saturday evening, Sept. 1st. the New Home band of Orange, having been engaged, a dance was held in the Pavilion, quite a number of excursionists being present from surrounding towns.

A meeting was held Sunday at the new Auditorium, nearly every camper being present, vice President Buddingion acting as chalrman and with the assistance of Mr. George Cleaveland conducting the music. Interesting remarks were made Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. J. Clark, the chalrman and others. Mrs. Nora Dowd gave several good tests.

The store closed Saturday, and Sunday noon the last

Dowd gave several good tests.

The store closed Saturday, and Sunday noon the last dinner was given at the hotel. Each day sees fewer campers left, and another week will find nearly all gone but the families who remain all winter on the gone but the families who remain an winter of the grounds.

We tender thanks to the dear Banner for its kindly mention of us in all its issues this season.

ALBERT P. BLINN, Clerk.

603 Tremont street, Boston.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Yesterday witnessed the closing scenes of the most

successful Camp-Meeting held at this charming place for many years.

for many years.

Mrs. Clara H. Banks enthused a large audience with her magnetic and pungent periods, and Walter Howell carried the people upon a strong current of intensest thinking.

Mrs. M. S. Pepper, the new and accurate platform test-medium, electrified the audiences with her startlingly convincing tests.

In the evening a street full of people assembled in front of President Dailey's cottage on the "Bluff," and spent a half-hour in song and speech replete with keen appreciation of his faithful services for the Camp Meeting. Under his administration the past two years the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association has filled its empty treasury with a surplus above all expenses of nearly one thousand dollars.

The following resolution was passed, with three rousing cheers for our President:

*Resolved.** That the unanimous thanks of the people at

etings can be held in the open air on pleasant

meetings can be held in the open air on pleasant days.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has been engaged for another year. The net cash receipts for the Association resulting from his three lectures were some five hundred and sixty dollars, all of which will be used in building the new hall.

Mrs. M. S. Pepper, of 168 Pearl street, Providence, R. I., will no doubt be engaged as a platform test medium for 1805.

A vote was taken by the Lake Pleasant people and

I., will no doubt be engaged as a platform test medium for 1895.

A vote was taken by the Lake Pleasant people and by the citizens of Miller's Falls, in favor of introducing a permanent water service at both places. The Legislature will be petitioned next winter for a charter for a fire district, composed of the two places. This will be granted, and next spring the pipes will be laid below frost-line, and hydrants be placed in all principal streets of the Camp.

Next summer our streets can be watered and fires extinguished by a hydrant pressure of nearly one hundred pounds to a square inch. The introduction of permanent high-pressure water supply will reduce the rate of insurance, and yet the water rents will not be burdensome. The water will be pumped out of Lake Pleasant by the Turner's Falls Water Co., who have a plant at the north end of the Lake.

The prospects for the coming year are so bright that already parties are buying lots on which to erect summer homes. There are some excellent lots for sale on the Highlands—on Denton, Massasolt and Turner streets. These lots are wide and deep. Many of them command beautiful views of the Lake or of gorgeous sunsets.

Now that the new Auditorium and hall is to be built

Sunsets.

Now that the new Auditorium and hall is to be built on the Highlands, people will find that the really most quiet and restful part of the Camp is in that locality.

Springfield, Mass.

H. A. Budington.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A Memorial Service was held under the auspices of the Ladies' Improvement Society of Lake Pleasant at Association Hall, Aug. 26th. The service was at Association Hall, Aug. 26th. The service was opened with singing by Mrs. Mason and Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, Jr. Judge Dalley, President of the New England Camp-Meeting Association, was introduced, and spoke in a feeling and impressive manner of the loved ones who had passed from us during the last year; Charlie Hatch favored the audience with a violin solo; remarks were made by the following mediums: Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Holcomb, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. J. Clark, Mrs. Banks, Mr. Walter Howell, all paying tributes of respect.

A recitation by Eddie N. Hatch, and some remarkable tests by Mrs. May N. Pepper, closed the service. The platform was decorated with a profusion of flowers, and everything was in harmony with the occasion.

Mrs. Barnes, President of the Ladies' Improvement Society, closed the meeting by expressing the hope that all would meet again another year. OARRIE L. HATCH.

Queen City Park, Vt. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Tuesday, Aug. 28th, conference as usual at 10 A. M. A lecture in the afternoon by Mr. Lucius Colburn. At 4 P. M., Dr. Smith arrived with the third and last ex-4 P. M., Dr. Smith arrived with the third and last excursion from Lake Pleasant and towns adjoining. A number of the party remained at the Park, and some went to other points along the Lake.

On Wednesday we were favored with an admirable address by Dr. George A. Fuller on "What are the needs of the hour in relation to Modern Spiritualism?" In the evening a concert was given, as usual very well attended. We had instrumental and vocal music, some fine readings and recitations, interspersed with tableaux.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter arrived on the afternoon train from the West, and kindly assisted at the concert, giving some amusing sketches.

Thursday the conference of the morning was quite interesting, and good points on the labor question were made by the speakers.

Mr. Baxter gave his first lecture in the afternoon, the subject being "True Heroism." It was a grand [Continued on eighth page.]

[Continued on eighth page.]

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street.—Sundays at it a. M., 3% and 7% P. M.; also Wednesdays at 3 P. M. E. Tuttle, Conductor.

Entile, Conductor.

Enthbone Halt, 694. Washington Street, corser of Exceland.—Bpiritual meetings every Sunday at il A. M., 2% and 7% P. M. (7% P. M. meeting in Commorsial Hall). Thursday at 2½ P. M. N. P. Bmith, Chairman.

America Hall, 734. Washington Street.—Meetings Sundays at 10% A.M. and 2% and 7% P. M. Good mediums, and music. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

Ine music. Even Cobb, Conductor.

The Ladies' Industrial Society meets every Thursday afternoon and evening at Dwight Hall, 514 Trement street. Ida P. A. Whitlook, President.

Hollis Hall, corner Washington and Mollis Streets.—Neetings Sunday at 11 A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M.: Tuesday at 2½, test meeting. Every Friday evening, social and dance. M. Adeline Wilkinson, President.

The Home Rostrum (21 Soley street, Charlestown).—Meetings Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7½ P. M. Dr. E. M. Sauters, President.

Sanders, President.
Unity Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Heart and Hand Spiritual Society meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. W. B. Hall, Conductor.
Elysian Hall, 820 Washington Street.—Meetiags are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2% and 7½ P. M.; Tuesday and Thursday at 2% and 7½ P. M.; Friday at 2%, and Saturday 7% P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

Washington Street.—Me

BEUTUBE 1/2 P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M., and every Tuesday and Thursdayat 3 P. M. Under the auspices of the United Spiritualists of America. Chas. E. Tobey. Sec'y.

Gardleld Hall, 1125 Washington Street, corner of Dover.—Spiritual meetings overy Sunday at 10½ A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M. Good mediums in attendance. Musical selections by Mrs. Cooper. Dr. O. F. Stiles and wife, Conductors.

Montgomery Hall, 735 Washington Street, one Filght.—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2% and 7% P. M. At 32 Milford street Wednesdays and Saturdays, 8 P. M., Thursdays, 3 P. M. Dr. S. H. Nolke, Conductor.

Hollis Hall, 789 Washington Street. - At the Sunday morning session Mr. Cordingly was present, adding new interest to the developing circle. He

ent, adding new interest to the developing circle. He will be present with us every Sunday morning during the mouth.

Meeting opened in the afternoon with a Praise Service; scripture reading by Miss Vaughn; invocation by G. V. Cordingly; remarks on the lesson read by Frank Brown; remarks and tests by David Brown; Mr. Cordingly in poetical reading and tests; he also gave wonderful astrological readings; song by Lillan Rich; short address by Mrs. Ricker.

At the evening service organ voluntary, followed by song service; reading of scripture by Miss Vaughn; invocation by Mr. George Cordingly, after which he gave a few psychometric readings, poetic sentiments, and auswering questions; song by Miss Lilian Rich, followed by remarks by Dr. Frank Brown; Father Locke remarks and song, which were enthusiastically received.

received.

A very large audience welcomed Mr. Cordingly back to Boston. This is always the case where he is present, being such a favorite among the people.

M.

Rathbone Hall, 694 Washington Street, Corner Kneeland .- Mrs. M. F. Lovering and Mr. J. Baxter sang; Mrs. C. H. Clark, Mrs. Dr. Dowland, Mr. W. Wilkinson, Mrs. A. Woodbury, Mr. C. W. Quimby, Mrs. L. P. Hardee and Geo. V. Cordingly of St. Louis took part; [he will be present in Rathbone Hall next Thursday.] Mrs. Minnie E. Soule, tests.

Inursuay.] Mrs. Minnie E. Soule, tests.

Conmercial Hall.—Sunday, Sept. 2d, 11 A. M., Mr.
N. P. Smith, Dr. Baker, Mrs. A. Woodbury, Mrs. J.
Woods, Mr. J. T. Coombs, readings.
2:30 P. M., Mrs. A. W. Staples and Mr. Conant sang;
Mrs. C. H. Clark, Mrs. A. M. Ott, Mrs. Bessie Callahan,
Mrs. Florence Sullivan, Mrs. E. A. Mason, Mrs. W. H.
H. Burt, C. W. Quimby and Mrs. A. Woodbury joined
in the exercises.

H. Burt, C. W. Quinto, Landing Landing and Carlot, Mrs. C. Dickinson, Mrs. A. W. Staples, N. P. Smith, Mrs. C. H. Clark, Mrs. Bessie Callahan and Mrs. A. Woodbury were the mediums; Mrs. A. W. Staples sang solos, N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Elysian Hall, 820 Washington Street.-On Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday we held fine

circles.

Sunday at 11 A. M., our circle was well attended and replete with power and fine tests. "Wild Rose" and others were the mediums. At 2:30 and 7:30 our meetings were more than usually interesting. Mrs. Frederick, Mrs. Dr. Bell, Mrs. Buck, Mr. James Bloomfield and Mr. Lathrop, all gave satisfactory proof of the nearness of split-friends.

Monday, Sept. 24th, our first concert of the season will be held for the benefit of the Little Ransom Brothers. Tickets, adults twenty-five cents, children fifteen cents.

fifteen cents.

Meetings Tuesday and Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30;
Friday at 2:30 and Saturday at 7:30 The Banner of Light always for sale.

W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

Engle Hall, 616 Washington Street. - On Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 29th, remarks, tests and readings were given by Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. M. E. The following resolution was passed, with three rousing cheers for our President:

Resolved, That the unanimous thanks of the people at Lake Pleasant, here assembled, are cordially given to President A. H. Dalley, for his devotion to the interests of the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association, for his unflagging and gratuitous labors in its behalf, resulting in a prosperous financial condition of its treasury, and inspiring its members with renewed hope and courage to work for the future success of Lake Pleasant, May the coming year bring health to our President, and the Camp-Meeting of 1895 increase the hearty endorsement of the policy of our efficient Board of Directors.

The Ladies' Improvement Society, assisted by the treasury of the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association, will erect a hall, to seat a thousand people, upon the enclosed ground of the Highland Auditorium. It will stand upon the upper part, parallel with Adams street, and fronting the lake. The face toward the present Auditorium will have balconies on which the overflow audiences can be seated. The present grove will be retained, so that meetings can be held in the open air on pleasent.

Dr. S. H. Nelke, having measurably received "a new lease of life." after his serious illness of four months since, has re-commenced the conduct of meetings in since, has re-commenced the conduct of meetings in Boston, at this hall. Last Sunday the services were well attended. Good mediums assisted the Doctor and gave beautiful tests. The music was furnished by the sweet singer, Miss Sadie B. Lamb; Miss Lillian Rich and "Little Eddle" also sang. "Little Eddle" will be present each Sunday at this hall only. Meetings will be held Sundays at the usual hours. Wednesdays at 8 P. M., Thursdays at 3 P. M., and Saturdays at 8 P. M., at 32 Milford street.

The Banner of Light found a large sale at the hall, and can be found also at 32 Milford street.

James Higgins.

America Hall, 724 Washington Street. Deep interest was manifested at our meetings of Sunday last. The many new faces among those who day last. The many new faces among those who make up our audiences give proof that the leaven of Spiritualism is working for good. Mr. Cobb being away, filling an engagement, the meetings were ably conducted by Mrs. Cobb, assisted by many able speakers and mediums: Father Locke, Mr. Walter Anderson and wife, Miss A. Peabody, Mrs. A. Ott, Mrs. Lovering, Mrs. A. Forrester, Mrs. C. Soule, Mrs. W. Burt, Mrs. Leonard, Mr. A. Howe, Mr. F. A. Heath. Music by Mrs. Lovering, Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Searles and Mr. Baxter.

Banner of Light for sale.

The Home Rostrum (21 Soley street, Charlestown), Dr. Sanders, Chairman. The meetings of last week were well attended and very interesting, and were participated in by Mrs. Staples, Dr. Franks, Mr. Quimby, Mr. Kelly, Dr. Davis, Mrs. Wheelock, Col. Andrews, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Shed; Mrs. Neille Capton Grantst

Garlton, organist.

Sunday, Sept. 2d, invocation and answering of written questions by Mr. Quimby; Dr. Huot and Mr. Shed, remarks; Dr. Davis, readings; Chairman, direct tests. Mr. Butler, organist.

C. B.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn.-The Spiritualists' Association meets Sundays at 34 Market street, at 2:20 and 7:30 P. M. J. M. Ketty, Presdent, 3 Lander street; I. Warren Chase, Secretary, 25 Beyer place. The meetings for the season were opened at "Cadet Hail," by this Association, with Lyman C. Howe as our speaker for the month of September. Mr. Howe gave us two grand and inspiring lectures. We have under engagement, besides Bro. Howe, J. Frank Baxter, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, J. Clegg Wright, Miss Abby A. Judson, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Dr. F. H. Roscoe, Dr. P. C. Drisko, Jennie K. D. Conant, Mrs. N. J. Willis, O. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw and others, due announcement of which will be given through the BANNER.

Subscriptions to the BANNER. Subscriptions to the BANNER. will be received at all times by us, and we sincerely hope that all who can, will encourage this grand paper in the great and noble work of enlightening the world in the great Truths of our beautiful Philosophy.

I. W. Chase, Sec'y. days at 34 Market street, at 2:20 and 7:30 P. M. J. M.

Worcester .- The Association of Spiritualists opened the season of '04-'95 at Arcanum Hall, 566 Main street, Sept. 2d—Rev. E. Andrus Titus as speak er. Mr. Titus gave two grand discourses, which were well received by appreciative audiences.

Speaker for next Sunday, Mrs. Clara H. Banks of Haydenville.

MRS. D. M. LOWE, Cor. Seo'y.

628 Main street.

Stoughton,-Frederic Beals writes that he has discontinued his meetings at this place, and has cancelled all previous engagements.

For Over Fifty Years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrheea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Movements of Platform Leginrors (Notices under this heading, to insure insertion the san c week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Mrs. M. A. Brown has returned to her home at 375 Columbus Avenue. Boston, from her trip to Lake Pleasant Caupi.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake and husband called at The Banner office on Friday, Aug. Sist, on their way to the Spiritualist Camp at Etus. Me. The years evidently deal kindly with this popular speaker and medium.

Heading. E. Andrus Titus. South Abinaton Station, Mass. has open dates in October and November, and would like to fill engagements for societies at moderate prices during the winter and spring of '05. Address as above.

prices during the winter and spring of '90. Address as above.

Dr. G. C. Beckwith Ewell is engaged at Rocky Rest until Sept. 16th; from Sept. 16th to 23d at Camp Starlight. Address Box 270, Shelton, Conn.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, pastor of the People's Spiritual Allance, of Cleveland, O., returned to that city and resumed her work there on Sunday evening, Sept. 2d. During the season she gave several lectures at Lake Brady, Mt. Pleasant, Haslett, Cassadaga and Lake George Camps, all of which were received with great cordiality and enthusiasm. Propositions were madeher for a year's service in two different cities, but she is under contract to the Cleveland Society, the membership and officers of which seem to appreciate fully the efforts which she is making to advance the Cause in their midst.

Edgar W. Emerson is engaged in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 16th, 23d and 30th; St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th; Fltchburg, Mass., Nov. 18th and 25th; Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 2d, 5th, 16th, 23d and 30th.

A correspondent writes: "Prof. Silas W. Edmunds, inspirations senders and revelopmentation."

A correspondent writes: "Prof. Silas W. Edmunds. inspirational speaker and psychometrist, would like to correspond with Spiritual Societies in the North and Northwest for the lecture season of '94 and '95. Terms reasonable. Address in care of General Delivery. New Orleans, La."

Read what a correspondent writes concerning White Rose" and his work—on our third page.

Dr. W. A. Towne has returned to Boston from his vacation at various Spiritualist camps.

Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland's address for engagements for platform work and funerals is 15 City Hall Square, Lynn Mass.

0H10.

Cleveland.—A circular has been issued in this city which in the name of the People's Spiritual Alliance chartered under the laws of Ohio-appeals to all who are earnestly desirous of attaining knowledge, unfolding spiritual consciousness, and establishing a fraternity to seekers after truth, to join in its work.

nity to seekers after truth, to join in its work.

"The Trustees of the Alliance," says this circular,
"have reengaged Mrs. H. S. Lake (whose efforts during the past twelve months ultimated in the formation of this Association), and she will continue her ministrations during the season of '94-5, giving a lecture each Sunday evening, and following the same with platform tests peculiar to her mediumship.

As is well known. Mrs. Lake has no superior on the spiritualistic platform as a logical and eloquent expenent of advanced thought. For nineteen years she has been before the public."

Any contribution, even if but small, will be gladly received. The season will begin on Sunday evening. Sept. 2d, at Army and Navy Hall, No. 426 Superior street.

Tom CLIFFORD, Cor. Sec'y.

NEW JERSEY.

Cape May .- W. L. Jack, M. P., writes: "I hope to be in Boston soon." He is on his way from Cape May, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City, where he has been busy filling engagements during his sojourn there -and purposes again visiting Lake Pleasant. "The BANNER OF LIGHT is, at this beautiful resort, sought BANKER OF LIGHT is, at this beautiful resort, sought for and is found a great comfort to the visitors here.

'Why?' said an old gentleman, over eighty years of age, 'my BANNNR is my staff of comfort, and I have taken it sluce its first publication, and I will never relinquish my pleasure of ever taking it so long as I live. It's my comfort, my life at my home, and in my soul.' The BANNER everywhere receives the highest and grandest encombums for its candor, its truthfulness and high suffitual tone.

and high spiritual tone.

I wish to thank my good friends here at this delightful place by the sea for the kind and generous reception extended me—which has been an ovation to me—and also to my Philadelphia and other friends in Del aware County and Chester County, Pa.

I will resume my official duties at my office—Eastern Division, Boston—during winter my western division as usual in Springfield, Mass., till further notice." and high spiritual tone.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence .- Sarah D. C. Ames, Secretary, informs us that the Columbia Hall Association convened Sun-day evening, Sept. 2d. Mr. A. C. Whipple, Mr. Williams, Mr. E. S. Straight and others spoke. Social conference next Sunday.

The Progressive Aid Society met Wednesday after-noon and evening with Mrs. Luscomb. There was a large attendance at the evening conference.

Scaled Letters Answered.

The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three two-cent postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within three or four weeks after their receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactorily, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, but do as well as they can un-

of the medium, but do as well as they can under the circumstances.

INSTRUCTIONS. — 1. Do not write upon the envelope of the sealed letter.

2. One spirit only should be questioned at a

time.
3. Those sending letters to this office for an swer, should invariably write upon the outside envelope "Sealed Letter," in order that they may not miscarry.

Address all letters to LUTHER COLBY, BAN-NER OF LIGHT, 9 Bosworth street, Boston,

We are gratified to be able to state that since the commencement of the "Sealed Letter" department, we have received numerous let ters from correspondents residing in all parts of the country, assuring us of the perfect satisfaction experienced by them regarding the answers returned by the medium.

Correspondents forwarding "sealed letters" must also enclose their own addresses and names on an outside separate slip, otherwise we are unable to return their answers.

A "sealed letter" post-marked "Manchester, N. H.," but unaccompanied by private letter or address, is on hand at this office. Will the writer send to us for the answer, specifying date of mailing in Manchester, as a means of recognition by us?

date of maining in manufactor, as a means of recognition by us?

We have also a "sealed letter" post-marked at Westbury, Vt., without private letter or address of sender. Will the writer of this Westbury letter send us the date of mailing, in like manner as asked above with regard to the

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1894.

As THE BANNER is always ready and willing to give all the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting proceedings free of cost to those interested in these pleasant gatherings, we hope they will bear in mind the importance of freely circulating this paper among the visitors as fully as possible, and that the platform speakers will not fail to collect the content of t call attention to it as occasion may offer—thus coöperating in efforts to increase its circulation, thereby strengthening the hands of its publishers for the arduous work which the Cause demands of all its public advocates.

Onset Bay, Mrass.—July 8th to Aug. 28th.
[Trains leave the depot on Kneeland street, Boston, for Onset at 5:45, 8:15 and 9:00 A. M., and 1:00, 3:50 and 5:10 P. M. Sunday trains 7:30 and 8:15 A. M. Leave Onset for Boston at 7:05, 8:33, 11:34 A. M., 4:56, 5:04 P. M.]

Summerland, Cal.—Third Annual Camp-Meeting of Association Aug. 28th to Sept. 18th. Cherryvale, Kan.—In September, W. E. Bonney, Sec-Lake Brady, O .- July 1st to Sept. 9th.

Etna, Mc.—From Aug. 31st to Sept. 9th.

Nayden Lake (Madison), Mc.—Sept. 7th, to continue ten days.

PREDICTED HIS OWN DEATH, - John Verdon, a penitentiary convict from Cincinnati, who dropped dead from heart disease at Columbus, O., Aug. 19th, predicted the day and hour of his death. When he was received at the prison he wrote this prediction on a slip of paper, which was given to another convict to keep. The paper was examined and found to be ex-

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..... Rev. G. V. Cordingly,

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Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Until further notice the undersigned will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its and our behalf.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers. PIRITUALISM DEFINED AND DEFENDED. Being an Introductory Lecture delivered in the Temperance Hall, Melbourne, Australia, by J. M. PEEBLES. Paper, 15 cents, postage free. For sale by OCLBY & RIGH.

SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbalim by Missida L. Spalding, an expert stonographer.

L. SPALDING, an expert stenographer.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this once by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Measages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthy lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undevel-ned condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

To it is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact for publication. As our spirit visions are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our educated the carth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers appending a state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, appertaining to this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

LUTHER COLLBY, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held June 8th, 1894 Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Eternal and Omnipotent One, who dost ever lend a listening ear unto the supplications of thy children, who dost watch with tender care all mankled, bestowing upon each that which will conduce to his best good, we invoke thy presence here this hour. Unto thee, who art all goodness, all wisdom, all intelligence and power, we lift our hearts in adoration and praise. We thank thee, oh! Father, for the gift of life, the boon of friendship, the sweet associations of bome, and the consolation and hope derived from spirit communion and a knowledge of the immortality of the human soul; and as we unfold in spirituality sufficiently to recognize the purpose underlying the trials, per-plexities and even the sorrow and suffering that assail us in our earthly career, may we be able to thank thee in all sincerity for each discipline, and say: "Thy will, not mine

We ask the presence this hour of thine angels, our Father, from the realms celestial. May their pure, uplifting infuence be feit not only here in this Circle-Room, but may it go forth as a power for good wherever there is sorrow and distress. May each spirit who seeks to communicate with some loved one still in the material form be actuated by the high purpose of not only bringing comfort to a sad heart but of arousing in the mind of that dear one a desire for better things than earth can afford, a longing for truth and knowledge of the life beyond. May each spirit controlling this medial organism endeavor not only to establish his identity to the satisfaction of his earthly friends, but may he impress upon them the great importance of right living here and now, of a life of constant effort to aid each other and to uplift and strengthen the weak and faltering while clinging to the hands outstretched to them from the unseen heavenly shore. We ask thy guidance this day, thy tender ministrations, thy influence of peace and good-will toward all; and unto thee would we render praise now and ever

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Robert C. Cummings.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] I feel attracted here at this hour by pure and holy influences.

When here on earth I was no stranger to spirit-communion. Oft have I silently communed with those who had preceded me to the better land, and it solaced my heart and uplifted my spirit to realize their companion-

In Quincy, this State, there are some who will remember me, and affirm that I was outspoken in my "belief," as they termed it, but to me it was a knowledge, for I had risen above belief. I frequently thought, "Why should we fear to die, any more than we should fear to live?" I had no fear of the transition myself; I longed to meet those with whom I had associated here who were dear to me. Old relatives, friends and neighbors came to welcome me to the spirit-world; and, sir, before the spirit had been fully detached from the body, I realized their presence. Their countenances shone with joy as they gathered about me, and it

seemed as if the room was literally crowded. I have been a frequent attendant at your meetings, Mr. Chairman, and I have gained a great deal of information by listening to the narration of personal experiences by the communicating spirits. From the depth of spirit I thank the higher intelligences who impressed you of this establishment to give us who have passed on to the higher life, the opportunity to return and send our personal messages to our friends yet remaining on earth. Our utterances may be feeble, and mistakes may sometimes occur, for no one, either mortal or immortal, is perfect; then, dear earthly friends, do not look for perfection in us; for, certainly, we do not find perfection in you. Be lenient, be charitable, be patient, and we will give you all the knowledge we can express.

I am thankful for the few moments allotted

me here to day. It has been stated by many from this plat form, that a sadness overshadowed them when they knew the change must come, on account say, in line with her thought, that we are one of loved ones they knew they must leave behind them on the earth-plane. I cannot make alone. Month in and month out, during all that statement in regard to my own experi- the many years that you have worked so faithence. I knew it to be but the separation of the fully and well, and even in the heat of the spirit from the body, and my own dear compan- fiercest battle you have fought, unseen friends ion and dear daughters knew well at the time of my transition that I had only passed from ly have you been wounded by the ingratitude one room into another, as it were. Therefore. instead of cultivating a feeling of sadness and sorrow, mortals should rejoice that their spirit | you could not help it, it was your nature so to friends are waiting to open the gate for them into the other life, where congenial souls will the harness to the end-you will never rust dwell together forevermore. Robert C. Cum-

Almira C. Spaulding.

[To the Chairman: I have attended your meetings often, and, like the gentleman who control, and the nerve aura of the medium is tion is concerned; and we may remark in pass-

have gained much knowledge by listening to those who have spoken here from time to time. From some I have gained more than from others, the same as I would here were I to attend a meeting where different individuals related their several experiences; still I have gained some little knowledge from even the humblest spirit or the little prattling child who has manifested.

Some loved ones in Tyson, Vt., will be pleased to hear a word from me.

I cannot say, as did that gentleman who preceded me, that I realized the presence of my spirit friends while I dwelt upon the earthplane-I did not; but there were times when I felt that they were not far away. As my spirit was taking its flight from earth I did beheart cannot be expressed in mortal language. Loving and kind friends ministered to me, and I appreciated all that was done for me on the mortal plane.

I am very happy in my spirit-home, but I am attracted back to mortal life frequently by the dear ones left here. I am Almira C. Spauld-

Sally Reed.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do, Mister? [How do you do?] I have come a long ways to see you. I hear all are welcome to your meetings. There are good spirits here.

My name is Sally Reed. [Where did you live?] In Crawfordville, Ga.

Many of my relations are here, too, but they're not all going to speak. I am pleased at being privileged to send a message to day. I never spoke here before, sir, and I never controlled a medium before, so I hope you'll bear with me.

I didn't know when here that I should live on in another life, an active individual, the same as I was here. If I had I think it would have helped me to understand the conditions surrounding me after I passed on. I find it is a continuation of life, for I cannot see where the one left off and the other begun.

I am very happy in spirit-life. I have left the mortal form, but I am clothed upon by another better adapted to my needs now, yet similar to the one I wore here. I would say to those mortals who weep and mourn the departure of their friends from earth, that they have only gone into another room, seemingly, where they are waiting for your coming. How sweet is the reunion there! If mortals could realize one-half we tell them, there would be fewer tears shed when one is taken from the family circle and added to the number of those gone before.

William and Allie are here.

Dear James, I know you are sad many times because you do not know where we are, but still you have great faith that we shall all meet again.

Hannah is here, too; in fact, there is quite a number of us. I am much pleased that I could control as well as I have, for I never came in this way before.

Rosa T. Amedey.

I am very glad of the opportunity to speak here, Mr. Chairman.

I desire to say to mortals that it makes us of the spirit life very sad when we hear harsh and unjust criticisms made of our faithful and true mediums, through whose organisms we voice our thoughts or manifest our presence to our friends on the mortal plane. Mediumship is not bought or obtained from any extraneous source-it is a gift from God to the individ ual at birth, although its possessor at times may not be aware of it or know how to cultivate it until long after he or she has arrived at years of understanding and discretion.

I understood mediumship while in this mundane sphere, for I myself possessed medial powers, and I have all love and charity for true mediums, not only because of my own experience, but because of what I have witnessed of their treatment since passing to the higher life. Much that is spoken in denunciation of this much-misunderstood class ought never to be uttered, and when mortals will reason upon this matter and learn not to look for perfection among the medial instruments of the angel-world any more than among any other class of individuals, then will justice be done and more satisfactory manifestations will be the result.

Mr. Chairman, I have been present at every meeting since you have held your circles in this room, and am greatly pleased with the new arrangement. I come with a sisterly feeling, and would assure you that you will continue to be protected as you have been in the past. Many years you have been a faithful and loval worker in the Cause, and those who have sustained you will never fail you-certainly not I. You will recognize me when I give you my name, Rosa T. Amedey. I will never shirk my duty, but will stand at the helm until the ship is safely anchored in the harbor.

I would say to mediums everywhere: Be true to yourselves and to others in the great mission given you; then will you accomplish what your Father and Mother God designed for you to do. And be true to the THE BAN-NER OF LIGHT, whose pages are so pure and clean that you need not hesitate to permit any eye to read what is printed thereon. Stand by THE BANNER, I repeat, that has stood by you so long; that has been your friend and espoused your cause when all other friends have failed you, and with your aid and the aid of the vast number of Spiritualists who have derived not only knowledge but consolation from its columns, may it continue to wave for many years to come.

Henry C. Wright.

[To the Chairman:] Good morning. [Good morning.] As I listened to the dear spirit who has just ceased speaking, I could see there was a depth of meaning to every word. I would with you; you are not pushing this large load have surrounded and sustained you. Frequentof those whom you have befriended, still you have continued to aid those you saw in needdo. I feel to assert that you will be kept in

out. I am deeply interested in the grand and glorious work of this institution. The change you have made from public to private scances has been a good one; it is easier for the spirits to them ourselves, so far as individual regenera-

line just spoken, I can say with truth that I not exhausted to the extent that it formerly ling, that scarcely any serious student of social

Many carnest souls are congregated here today who coïncide with me in what I have said. We feel to put our hand to the plow and not turn back. You, as mortals, need our aid every hour, and we are only too glad to lend a helping hand when we see your spirits are sincere. My prayer goes forth that the time may be hastened when mortals shall realize more of the presence of their spirit friends; then who shall dread death? We say there is none, but everywhere life—life eternal.

Mr. Chairman, I make you this solemn promise: we will never leave you; we will walk with you through what seems like a shadowy vale, but which is illumined with light from spiritual realms. And we, as a band of spirits hold their faces, and the joy that filled my working for the cause of the spiritual enlightenment of humanity, would impress upon those who have the means, and who have received the consolation and knowledge that Spiritualism affords, to aid by pecuniary assistance in keeping the doorways of spirit-communion open-a duty every one should delight in fulfilling, realizing its great importance to the world. Henry C. Wright.

Spirit Messages.

The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER Circles through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith; they will appear in due order on our sixth page:

appear in due order on our sixth page:

June 8 [Continued].—Sarah A. Bruce; Jonathan Alger.

June 15.—Col. Sabin Pond; Joseph Kinsey; Huldah S. Russell; Lydla Morrill; Arthur Russell; Samuel Hazen; Benjamin Brintnall; Margaret Menter; Peter Kingman.

June 22.—James Mason; Mary A. Moore; William S. Arnold; Winifred Meanes; Capt. Richard Freeman; Thomas Gales Forster; Rosle Chick; Georgie Draper.

June 29.—Martha A. Coberley; David Dale; James Woodworth; Charlotte Colson; Dr. Beck; John Plerpont.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By F. G. S., Norfolk, Va.] Would it not be well for manifesting spirits—at the Banner Circles or elsewhere—to state the "sphere" or "place" as "first," "second," etc., where they reside, when communicating? It seems to me by so doing many seeming in the contradictory statements made by those returning intelligences could be then readily traced to the different conditions obtaining in their respective spheres.

ANS.—The above question implies that spiritual states are arbitrarily localized, and that it is as easy for communicating intelligences to say whether they are inhabitants of a first. second or third sphere as it is for people on earth to give their post-office address, although not every one in mortal life has a stationary abiding-place, by any means. The questioner assumes that all spirits perfectly comprehend their status, and can compare their attainments correctly with those of others. Such a conclusion is erroneous and entirely unwarranted, though we are prepared to say that exalted minds do understand their own and others' relative mental and moral status.

In a broad sense it may be correctly stated that there are seven spheres encircling every planet, and that the most advanced of these pertaining to every planet impinges upon that pertaining to other planets; but only as the broadest generalization is such a statement permissible. Just as people on earth mingle in the same cities and hotels, and do business together regardless of widely opposite states of development, so is it in large measure, though in somewhat less degree, in spirit-life.

As to the value of statements made from any source, these are not to be accepted blindly, on the mere say-so of influences who might, prompted by ambition to appear unusually wise, declare themselves denizens of a very high sphere.

In the case of many mediums, who have an overweening sense of personal importance. communications coming from their immediate companions are said to emanate from the most illustrious individuals who ever inhabited the earth, or who come from "the one hundreth sphere."

Such assertions are utterly valueless, though not necessarily willful attempts to mislead. Every manifestation of the spirit should be fairly considered on its own merits. Surely it is not necessary for wise men on earth to label themselves Solons, while the foolish could not impose on the really wise by declaring they were citizens of a spiritual Athens

Every communication carries with it, as every book does, some intrinsic proof of its real merit, and it is only by careful comparison and analysis that an intelligent theory of comparative elevations can be reached.

We certainly have a right to demand all reasonable information regarding those who seek to associate themselves with us, but no substitute can be provided for intelligent exercise of reason, and beyond reason intuitive perception is the surest guide of all.

To keep one's own sphere pure and transparent. is the chief thing, for as we studiously cultivate integrity and avoid all deception in our own thought-sphere, we unfold the faculty to discern spirits, or, in other words, to recognize by the influence they carry with them their real standing. Spiritual spheres are states of consciousness, far more than localities.

Q.—[By "Inquirer."] Before a voluntary cooperative commonwealth on the part of each individual constituting it can be attained, will not the people have to experience a change of heart, as it were, that will cause each to see that his or her own self-happiness is best secured by promoting the happiness of others? Must not reform come, if at all, through individual reformation; and instead of calling upon others to repent and be baptized, shall not the work begin with self repentance and baptism?

A—The questioner has expressed our continuer.

A .- The questioner has expressed our sentiments as clearly as we could possibly voice

and industrial problems to day takes exception to the above conclusion. Nevertheless, as there are two well-defined sides to the great topic of societary improvement, viz., the collective and the individual, it is wise for us to look carefully on both.

Heredity and environment are now almost universally acknowledged as the two leading factors in human development, and to improve the influence of both is surely the aim of every practical philanthropist. Society being made up of units, it is indeed true that each individual must work out his own highest development before he can become a valuable member of the social organism; but, if general surroundings affect individual culture so as to accelerate or impede it, we are foolish indeed if we shut our eyes to the importance of an environment changed for the better.

Government is really in the hands of a very few people, even in a republic; the democratic ideal, beautiful though it is, has never been fully realized on a large scale. So small a country as Switzerland has adopted an excellent system of initiative and referendum, and has thereby attained pretty nearly to a self-governing condition; but in so large a country as the United States, with so heterogenous a population, self-government of the people, for and by the people, is little more than an ideal, a shining goal ahead, attainable, but unattained.

As there ever has been an aristocracy of intelligence, which will continue of necessity until education in the best sense becomes universal, we may reasonably claim that genius has a right to rule because it has the ability to do so, and it is always best for the highest culture to hold the balance of power. All objections to the present state of affairs are based on the admission that there is corruption somewhere, and that plutocracy is not the synonym of intellectual supremacy or of moral worth. There are differences between man and man which legislation cannot eradicate; therefore no author of even the most advanced socialist type who has written sanely, has attempted to show that natural distinctions will be or can be obliterated by a change of administration.

The cry of paternalism is frequently raised to frighten the masses from investigating dispassionately the diametrically opposite idea of fraternalism, which is the coming thought. It is to the best interest of all that the highest degree of intelligence in any realm should be at the helm; therefore, whenever it can be shown conclusively that any persons are holding office by virtue of special fitness for such office, all reasonable people concur in the wisdom of the arrangement: objections which are valid can only be raised against office-holding by the unfit.

Personal happiness is inseparably bound up with general order. Chaos is not conducive to happiness; consequently, advocates of the "New Hedonism" are not consistent if they teach lawlessness or seek to ignore such lawful restraints upon individual action as are necessary to the constitution and preservation of social order. The welfare of society as such is as much more important than the mere happiness of a solitary individual, as society signifies the multiplication of the individual. No one can live entirely alone, therefore the extreme of individualism is insanity.

Since, then, we are all dependent one upon the other, all reasonable theories of a modus vivendi must be in accordance with reasonable recognition of the rights of the great human body, to which we all belong, and in whose corporate welfare we are all directly interested. There are very much higher motives than selfinterested ones impelling humanitarians to work for the common good, and, as Drummond has clearly shown, in his admirable work on Evolution, the instinct to work for others is as truly natural as the instinct of self-preservation. To bring all to a point of philosophic unity it only needs to be proved that general welfare includes individual well-being, and as true happiness is the outcome of well-ordered instinct of self-preserva for self-improvement and the higher craving for the welfare of humanity as a whole, are perfeetly harmonizing factors in human advancement. A broad, clear view of the entire subject must put an end to all discrepancies.

THE WAGON THAT WENT TO MOBILE.

Far back "in the fiftles," how well I remember
The time most delightful of all the long year,
In the cold, frosty winter, full late as December,
When the cotton was picked, and the fields dry and

sere, They loaded the wagon—the spacious old wagon— The dearest old wagon that went on a wheel—
And yoked up a team of big sturdy oxen,
And cracked the long whip, and went off to Mobile.

Through the dim-thronging years I still see the kitchen. Still scent the sweet odors that burdened the air! There were hams and potatoes, and pumpkins and

biscult.
Cornbread and sausage, and ples rich and rare;
We packed the big box, and piled up the basket.
And every one helped with much ardor and zeal;
For early to-morrow—long-wished-for to morrow—
The big covered wagon will start for Mobile.

Then early that morn came the gentle-faced mother,
And said, as she wakened her sturdlest boy:
"You are going, you know, with the wagon this
morning!"
And his cup in that moment brimmed over with joy.
Now pile in the feed, and load on the cotton;
Stout is the axle, and strong is the wheel;
Then silently each clasped the hand of our father,
And watched the white wagon depart for Mobile.

Twenty days for the journey! yet soon they passed

over,

For, busy and happy, we knew not a care;
And soon came the time when at evening we listened

For the sound that was sweetest, to thrill on the
air—

The far-ringing echo, the jubilant signal,
Borne faint to our ears over woodland and field—
The sound of the whip, as old Pompey gave notice

That he and the wagon had come from Mobile! No owner of ships sailing into the harbor.

No owner of snips salling into the harbor.
E'er waited with joy so unbounded as we,
For never a bark with such treasure was freighted.
As that which we peeped 'neath the cover to see.
Now gone are the days of such haloyon pleasures;
The train flashes by—"a demon by wheel;"
It comes and it goes—but I wish at this moment
I could see the old wagon come back from Mobile!

—S. A. C., in Livingston (La.) Journal.

New Publications.

THE WONDERFUL LAW. By H. L. Hastings. Cloth, pp. 118. Published by the Scriptural Tract Repository, 47 Cornhill, Boston.

Beginning with the first page and so on to the last, the reader will be impressed with the great interest and instructiveness which marks the book. A good deal of sound sense, by way of explaining statements made in the Bible, is a prominent characteristic of the work. Mr. Hastings looks upon the Law of Moses as salutary and not arbitrary, and the consideration of it as edifying. While the book is intended to assist in argument in favor of the Law, yet the general reader will find profit by a careful perusal.

THE SEARCH FOR ANDREW FIELD. A Story of the Times of 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Cloth, pp. 313. Boston: Lee & Shep-

ard. The literature for the young relating to the war of 1812 is very meagre, and Mr. Tomlinson gives so fair and thorough an insight into the incidents of those days that one cannot peruse the pages of his new book without expressing the thought that the lack

piete knowledge of the field in which the scene is faid. A capital character has been portrayed in that of Andrew Field, and the story is told with life and spirit enough to please the most particular lad. The historical information is sound and complete, and many lessons portraying manliness, courage and honesty are presented. There are several beautiful illustrations, and the book is handsomely printed and

Received: MEDIUM WE.-By Mrs. Anna White head Bodeker. The volume is a collection of spiritual tracts. Published by the Author, corner 28th and Grace streets, Richmond, Va.

In Memoriam.

MRS. S. OLIVE, wife of CHAS. A. EDWARDS, and daughter of Mr. Joseph A. Lovejoy, passed to spiritlife June 28th, 1894.

life June 28th, 1894.

Mrs. Edwards—as states the Stoneham Independent—was born in that place in 1850, where she passed the greater part of her life; removing to Campello six years ago, where she endeared herself to many friends. Charity for all formed one of the chief traits of her character. In the months of intense suffering through which she passed she was ever patient and hopeful, being tenderly cared for and comforted by a devoted sister, who, with a loving husband and father, administered to every wish.

The funeral service occurred in Stoneham June 30th, at the home of her aunt on Pomeworth street, Rev. D. Augustine Newton of Winchester officiating, at the last request of the deceased. The floral tokens were profuse. The beautiful song, "Weary the Walting, Weary," was contributed:

"There's an end to all tolling some day, sweet day, But it's weary the waiting, weary;
There's a harbor safe in the peaceful bay, Where the sails will be turied, and the ship will lay At anchor—somewhere in the far away, But it's weary the waiting, weary.

There's an end to the trouble of souls opprest,

There's an end to the trouble of souls opprest, But it's weary the waiting, weary; Sometime in the future, when God thinks best, He'll lay us tenderly down to rest. And roses bloom from the thorns in the breast, But it's weary, the waiting, weary.

But it's weary the waiting, weary.

There 's an end to the world with its stormy frown,
But it's weary the waiting, weary.

There 's an end to the world with its stormy frown,
But it's weary the waiting, weary.
There 's a light somewhere that no dark can drown,
And where lift's sad burdens are all laid down,
A crown-thank God-for each cross a crown,
But it's weary the waiting, weary."

These lines from Mr. Lovejoy: "My daughter
Olive had joined a church, hoping to find what she desired, t. e., a true spiritual field on earth, where,
through the physical, she could work in harmony with
others; but instead, discord was there found, more
than she could bear, and after about two years she
applied for a withdrawal.

Her choice of the Spiritualist lecturers were: Mrs.
M. S. Townsend Wood, Hon. Sidney Dean, Dr. H. B.
Storer and Mrs. Fay—the last of whom she listened to
on Sunday, March 4th, and was more than pleased
with her remarks. I have been a Spiritualist since its
first advent, a constant reader of the Banner of
Light, and Conductor of Stoneham's First Spiritual
Lyceum.

Joseph A. Lovejoy and his
tendity since this daughter was a rowleable and his

Lyceum.

Joseph A. Lovejoy and his family since this daughter was a small child, and have been entertained in their home when he and his lovely wife (long since among the angels) were earnest workers in the Cause, and in the Lyceum referred to, and I know that the fadeless glories of true Spiritualism have been their support and comfort through all the trying scenes of life; and now, when he is left with only one daughter, he holds as firmly to his spiritual religion as when it first opened his consciousness to its divine realities.

realities.
Olive was a mild, lovable woman, earnestly desiring the Truth, and wishing for the greatest good to all—the natural fruits of such teaching as she received from her parents. She will be greatly missed by her many friends, but most by husband, father and sis'er, who, I pray, may be able to feet her near presence until they, too, pass beyond the veil.

M. S. TOWNSEND WOOD.

Stoneham. Aug. 23d. 1894.

Stoneham, Aug. 23d, 1894.

MRS. SYLVIA ARNOLD MORE departed this life at her home in Birmingham, O., Aug. 25th, in the 76th year of her age. She had been a Spiritualist for many years, and found in it her religion of life.

She was united in marriage with Isaac More, fifty-six years ago, and a life of uninterrupted happiness has been theirs. Two children blessed their union—a son and daughter. They have for fifty-two years resided in their present home. There was a very large attendance of friends and relatives, and the most heartfelt sympathy was expressed for the bereaved husband, who is left to finish life's journey alone.

Hudson Tuttle gave the discourse, and Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle gave a touching song service. The beau-tiful ritual of the Lyceum Guide was rendered at the

The funeral services of CAPT. LUTHER FOX were held at his home in Loraine, O., Aug. 25th, Hudson Tuttle officiating. Capt. Fox is well known on the Great Lakes, having sailed eighteen years on a vessel of his own. His wife and children always made the cabin their home during the sailing season. He died in his 56th year.

From his home in East Middlebury, Vt., Aug. 24th, JAMES A. SEVERANCE passed to higher life, aged 80

years.

In the departure of Mr. Severance the community loses a citizen who possessed qualities of rare excellence. He was a man of extensive general information, thoroughly honest in purpose and earnest in his convictions—yet in no sense was he a bigot. He had been a convert to Spiritualism nearly forty years, and was such through an intelligent comprehension of its philosophy and its phenomena. He loved children with all the ardor of his nature, and in return was loved and revered by them. It is usually correct to say, whom children love it is safe to trust.

to trust.

His funeral was largely attended on Sunday, Aug. 26th, the services being conducted by A. E. Stanley of Leicester.

MR. CHARLES A. SMITH, a long-time subscriber of THE BANNER and a true follower of the Cause of Spiritualism, passed away Aug. 14th, after a protracted Illness, at Shreveport, La.

Mr. Smith was a native of Ithaca, N. Y., and was 42 years 3 months old. For over fifteen years he was employed in the United States Weather Bureau.

He was not only a man of high Intelligence, but of a genial and sociable disposition, and many attainments. His ability was marked in his calling, and he stood high in this profession.

He made many warm friends everywhere he went, and the closing of his earth-life is a source of deep regret and sorrow. He leaves a most devoted wife. He was a loving husband, a good citizen, a faithful of-scal and true friend.

Spiritualist Convention

At Capital Hall, Montpelier, Vt., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 21st, 22d and 23d, 1894.

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Grand Concert and Dramatic Recital Friday evening. Sept. 21st. conducted by Prof. A. J. Maxham and

Grand Concert and Dramatic nectal Friday evening, Sept. 21st, conducted by Prof. A. J. Maxham and Miss Ethelynd Gould. Tests and poem by J. D. Stiles. Test Séance by J. D. Stiles Saturday evening, and another on Sunday. Admission to each séance, 15c. Sessions.—Three sessions each day—forencon, afternoon and evening. At each session there will be a conference or séance, and an address by some of the speakers present.

refence or scance, and an address by some of the speakers present.

The first session will be Friday, at 10 A.M., which will consist of a song by Prof. Maxham, poem by J. D. Stiles, song by Prof. Maxham, speeches by Mrs. Clara. H. Banks, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller and Mrs. Emma L. Paul, and conference.

Friday afternoon Clara Banks will address the Convention.

vention. All the sessions, except the scances and concert, will

All the sessions, except the scances and concert, will be open and free to all.

Mrs. E. K. Morgan, Lucius Colburn, Dr. G. S. Bronson and others will be in attendance.

Prof. A. J. Maxham of Brattleboro, Vt., the celebrated vocalist, will have charge of the music.

Miss Ethelynd Gould of West Randolph, Vt., dramatic reader, graduate of Emerson College of Oratory, will be present and intersperse the different exercises with choice selections.

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Healing by Laying on of Hands.

[From Chapter VII., on "Electricity and Magnetism," of Dr. T. A. Bland's forthcoming medical book: "How to Get Well, and How to

Keep Well."]

Electricity is the force which pervades all matter and produces all physical phenomena. What astronomers call centripetal and centrifugal forces are undoubtedly the negative and positive currents of electricity. Chemical affinity is another form of electric force, and all forms of vegetable life are dependent upon electricity for their origin and growth. The sap of a tree or plant is its blood, and this life-current circulates through every fibre of its organism by virtue of electric force. Animal organic life in all its varied manifestations—from the lowest to the highest, from brute to man—is due to electric action on a higher plane than the mineral or vegetable. Electricity found in the domain of the human organism is called magnetism, and it seems to be much finer in quality and more subtle in action than that found in the domain of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. It is the same, yet different....

and vegetable kingdoms. It is the same, yet different....

That magnetism is a powerful agent in the treatment of disease I know, both by observation and experience. I have made cures with it, and I have seen cures performed by others which far surpassed my own powers, and which I could hardly have believed possible had I not been an eve-witness. been an eye-witness.

Healing by magnetism is not a new art. His-

Healing by magnetism is not a new art. History, both sacred and profane, contains records of persons in various eras and countries who cured the sick by the magnetic touch. Before science had dealt with the subject such cures were attributed to spiritual agencies, and were regarded as miracles. I am not prepared to deny the first assumption, and I admit that some of the cures performed by exceptionally gifted magnetic healers are miraculous, in the sense that a miracle is a performance or phesense that a miracle is a performance or phenomenon which we don't understand, and therefore cannot explain....

nomenon which we don't understand, and therefore cannot explain...

There is no mystery about magnetism. It is simply life-force, of which some have a great deal and some very little; some impart it to others readily, and some sparingly. Temperaments have much influence over the matter. A magnetic person can treat those of opposite temperament from himself much more successfully than he can those of the same temperament. For example, a man or woman in whom the bilious and lymphatic, or, according to the new classification, the motive and vital temperaments, are strong, will readily impart their magnetism to one in whom the sanguine and nervous temperaments greatly predominate.

The science of magnetism is yet in its infancy, hence this great agent is properly applied in healing by only a few; but through this power even unskilful persons are making cures that compel public attention, and force popular belief in its potency. Massage treatments are becoming quite popular; and the successful massageist is invariably a natural magnetic healer. This is the secret of his success.

Magnetism can be applied to the whole body, or to any part of it. It is better adapted to chronic forms of disease than it is to acute; and it is especially adapted to chronic nervous affections—nervous prostration, paralysis.

and it is especially adapted to chronic nervous affections—nervous prostration, paralysis, cerebro-spinal meningitis, nervous dyspepsia, etc.
I witnessed, in 1870, a remarkable illustration

I witnessed, in 1870, a remarkable illustration of the potency of magnetism in the treatment of paralysis. A magnetic physician had an office near my own, in the city of Indianapolis, where I then resided. He was not an M. D.—unless M. D. should be made to stand for "Magnetic Doctor," to which I can see no valid objection—but he was an intelligent man, and an honorable, conscientious and kind-hearted man; hence I sought his acquaintance, became much attached to him, personally, and took a much attached to him, personally, and took a deep interest in his system of treatment. When a case of such character as to give promise of his being able to produce an immediate and marked effect would come to him, he would send me an invitation to be present and wit-ness the treatment. In this way it came about that I saw him perform a cure which was mar-velous, if not miraculous. The case was one of

velous, if not miraculous. The case was one of paralysis.

The patient was a man of about forty years of age, of medium size, and a farmer by profession. He was brought to the doctor's rooms on a bed in a spring wagon, and carried into the house by his brother (who came with him and the doctor), and laid upon a sofa. The whole motor system of nerves was paralyzed, from the neck down to and including the feet. He could move his head slightly, but he could not move a hand or a foot. The attack had come suddenly, about a fortnight previously, and no symptom of improvement had been observed. from the neck down to and including the feet. He could move his head slightly, but he could not move a hand or a foot. The attack had come suddenly, about a fortnight previously, and no symptom of improvement had been observed.

1) r. Smith took the patient's two hands in his and held them for a few minutes; then he made passes over him with both hands, from head to foot, for perhaps ten minutes, when he extended his right hand toward to sentended his right hand to sentended hand hand hand hand hand had held them for a few minutes.

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made passes over him with both hands, from head to foot, for perhaps ten minutes, when he extended his right hand toward the patient and said, "Give me your hand." To the surprise of all present the paralytic grasped the doctor's hand, and with some assistance from him, and in obedience to his command, arose to a sitting position, and then to his feet, and, still grasping the doctor's right hand, walked slowly and somewhat unsteadily into the adiciping room and seated himself in an easyjoining room, and seated himself in an easy-chair.

A few hours later he rode to his home on the seat beside his brother. A fortnight passed, and he came to the city and reported to the doctor that he had suffered no relapse, but had

doctor that he had suffered no relapse, but had grown stronger daily, and was then as well as before the attack that had prostrated him.

I was sent for and saw this man on this occasion, and got his personal statement.

This is, perhaps, the most striking exhibition I can give of the potency of human magnetism as a curative agent, but I have seen quite a number of cures performed by magnetism, in much less time than they could have been made with medicing. This remedy for disease can be with medicine. This remedy for disease can be readily applied by the people in general. In cases where they are opposites in temperament, the husband can treat the wife, and the wife the husband, and either or both can treat the

the husband, and either or both can treat the children; and the children can treat each other, and also their parents.

The affected part should be gently rubbed with the hand, or the hand simply placed over the seat of pain. For nervous headache place the left hand on the back of the neck and the right on the forehead. A good general treatment can be given by rubbing the spine with the ends of the fingers, from the neck down, for a few minutes, and then make passes down the spine with both hands. Many cases of dysfor a few minutes, and then make passes down the spine with both hands. Many cases of dys-pepsia could be cured by magnetism applied direct to the stomach, and to the spine opposite the stomach. Chronic rheumatism can in most cases be cured by magnetic treatments applied to the parts affected, but I would recommend the use of a stimulating liniment at the same

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Gird me round with clouds of all blackness yet I carry that which existed before their being, and will be after knowledge of them has passed away forever.

Widen thy paths, oh my soul! for the chari-

ots come, bearing those who sweep through the broad ways of Heaven, "Arisen!" shall be heard through all the sepulchers of Time, when Love has rolled away the stone, and a Savior looks from every human face. Rockland, Me. AUGUSTA ADAMS.

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MASONIO TEMPLE, BOSTON, Feb. 17th, 1832.

Lear Sir and Brother—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receib of your very learned and valuable volume entitled "The Astrology of the Old Testamont; or, The Lost Word Regained." I have placed it in the Library of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, where I am sure it will be the object of great curiosity and interest.

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Camp and Grove-Meetings. [Continued from Afth page.]

effort, as are all his discourses. He afterward gave a large number of spirit delineations, all of which were recognized. We are very fortunate in having Mr. Baxter with us this year, as his time is so fully occu-

pled.
On Friday morning the conference assumed the character of a business meeting, the question of increasing the water supply for the camp being under consideration. The cottagers heartily responded to the Fresident's call for aid in the necessary expense attending this matter; we hope hereafter we shall have an abundance of water.
In the afternoon Dr. Fuller again addressed us, taking for his subject, "The Attitude of Science Toward Spiritualism." It was an instructive and interesting discourse.

taking for his subject. "The Attitude of Science Toward Spiritualism." It was an instructive and interesting discourse.

Friday evening dancing was in order at the Hall; all present seemed to have a pleasant time. Another happy incident of Friday was the dedication of a large cottage built this season by two ladies—Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Patrick. These ladies, with their friends, have attended at the Park every year since it was established. Short speeches were made by the speakers on the ground and others, and kind words and good wishes were extended.

Saturday afternoon Mr. Baxter occupied the platform and gave one of his powerful and cultured lectures, his subject being, "Spiritualism as a Destroyer and a Builder." After singing he gave several of his inimitable descriptions or delineations of our spiritriends. Mr. Baxter is a powerful instrument in the hands of the spirit-world. We hope the managers will always secure him for Queen City Park when it is possible to do so.

The last entertainment of the season was given in the hall in the evening; some fine singing by Mr. Baxter and Mr. Maxham; recitation by Miss Gould, and very amusing sketches by Mr. Baxter and others, made a very agreeable program.

In the forenoon of Sunday, Sept. 2d—the last of this season—Dr. Fuller gave a most impressive discourse, that seemed to touch the hearts of all in the audience. He has been identified with Queen City Park since it was first established; he is much loved here, and we trust to have him every season with us for many years to come.

He has been identified with Queen City Park since it was first established; he is much loved here, and we trust to have him every season with us for many years to come.

Mr. Baxter occupied the platform in the afternoon and gave a splendid address. It was, indeed, a fitting ending to our lecture season, and was most highly spoken of; he followed with a large number of tests, which were nearly all recognized.

Immediately after the services were over, occurred the dedication of two new cottages recently builtone by Mr. Eastwood of Winooski, and the other by Mr. and Mrs. Crossett of Waterbury; a pleasant time was enjoyed.

Our last evening was devoted to a memorial service in remembrance of the friends who have passed away to the higher life since we met together in 1893. Very beautiful and touching tributes of love and affection were given to our arisen sister, Mrs. Smith, by Dr. Geo. Fuller, Mr. Baxter, Mrs. Crossett and others; to those who knew and loved her so well these words of kindness brought comfort and consolation. Many other names were mentioned of those whose seats were vacant, that last year were present. It was a very pleasant and comforting service, and closed our series of meetings for this season.

The camp-meeting this year has been a great success; the lectures have been fine, the attendance good, and the harmony and kind feeling has been universal.

Lake Brady, O. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Owing to Mrs. Ada Foye's enforced rest from labor and Mrs. Severance not giving two previously appointed lectures here, there were some vacant places in our program that have been most happily filled by Prof. J. W. Kenyon, who gave us yesterday his seventh, and will give to morrow his last, lecture at Brady Lake for the present season. He has greatly pleased and instructed the thinkers of the camp.

Brady Lake for the present season. He has greatly pleased and instructed the thinkers of the camp.

Thursday, Aug. 21st, we listened to a comparatively new lecturer on the spiritual rostrum, Mrs. Abby F. Watkins, of Akron, O. She has been working in a quiet way in her own vicinity, and this was her first appearance on the rostrum of Lake Brady. In person she is somewhat less than medium size, with dark, expressive eyes and much dignity of bearing. Her method of preparation, so far, differs from that of most of our speakers, in that her lecture is carefully written out and easily committed by her very retentive memory. The wording is choice, and there is a finish in the arrangement and expression that impromptu efforts can possess only by a long traising and experience, or under inspiration of rare disembodied spirits.

While Mrs. Watkins's method will no doubt give place in time to less dependence on previous verbal preparation, and of course to more spontaneity in expression, we commend the care and courage with which she is now reposition based for furnished by the land of course to more spontaneity in expression, we commend the care and courage with which she is now reposition to the same courage with which she is now reposition based for furnished and courage with which she is now reposition to a supplied to the same courage with which she is now reposition beautiful to the same courage with which she is now reposition to a supplied to the same courage with which she is now reposition to a supplied to a supplied to the same commend to t

sion, we commend the care and courage which she is now preparing herself for future labor

pression, we commend the care and courage with which she is now preparing herself for future labor in our great cause.

Mrs. Watkins's theme was "The Promise of Yesterday is the Hope of To-morrow." She said that the impulse to growth comes from man's tendency to abandon established conditions and escape to the un hindered. This proposition she sustained and illustrated by an excellent review of the history of the past. Ancient Rome, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Protestantism, are all steps in the advancement of the race to unhindered expression. She closed with a poetical invocation to liberty.

On Wednesday Prof. J. W. Kenyon favored us with a noble lecture on "The Scientific and Philosophic Evidence of Man's Immortality." He chose this subject in order to supplement the agnostic position of Mr. B. F. Underwood the preceding Sunday regarding a future state, with the clear knowledge of the same that can come only from the testimony of those who have been liberated from the physical body. He found scientific support in the law of evolution, in the undeveloped faculties of the human mind, heightened in "the superior state," in the conservation of energy as well as from the immense response from

ened in "the superior state," in the conservation of energy as well as from the immense response from all classes and conditions of men when they hear of manifestations from the other side of life.

Phrenologically speaking, the organ of spirituality is in some men so poorly developed that no class of spiritual phenomena can make evidence for them, while the advanced condition of the same faculty in a Swedenborg, a Boehme and a Davis, hint at the conserved energy latent in those who are still clinging to physical expression.

served energy latent in those who are still clinging to physical expression.

Passing to testimonial facts, the Professor gave from his wealth of experience and observation much that carried weight, while it interested the listener to an unusual degree. His final argument was based on the eternal persistence of life. The thinking mind in past ages has postulated this for generic life, but it is Modern Spiritualism that has demonstrated to us that relatives and friends who disappear from our physical relatives and friends who disappear from our physical sight still live, because, through its phenomena, they

past ages has postulated this for generic life, but it is Modern Spiritualism that has demonstrated to us that relatives and friends who disappear from our physical sight still live, because, through its phenomena, they can tell us so.

Thursday brought forward our genial and animated Chairman, Hon. O. P. Kellogg, as the speaker for the day, and he selected as the basis of his address an expression in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews: "Having no continuing city here, we seek that which is to come." Like a good old Orthodox divine, he laid out his firstly, secondly and thirdly—why we seek a country, the way to seek it, and what country we seek—and then he enlarged on these points with all the wealth of imagery and illustration that Kellogg only has at command, and which I am utterly power less to present in an adequate way. I do wish that I could help the reader to get a glimpse of the wisdom, the wit, and the dramatic power with which he called to book the Jew, the Mohammedan and the modern Christian on the subject of angels. The angels of the Jew were seen by Abraham several thousand years ago; and, having none to produce now, he is ignominiously put down into his place on the little bench. The great prophet of the Mohammedan took a ride on Al Borak (a wild ride, surpassing that of any Western cow-boy,) and saw angels indeed, but that was a thousand years ago. So his follower fares no better than the Jew; and the modern Christian, black-coated and smooth of tongue, follows suit. But the catechism to which the Spiritualist is subjected brings more satisfactory results: "Did you ever see an angel? Yes. When? Last night. Can you produce one? Certainly. When? Why, at any time; now, if you wish." So he goes to the head of the class.

The speaker said that the phenomena of the Bible, the only evidence of the body of doctrine stated within, are like autumn leaves, once beautiful, now dry and brittle, placed between the leaves of a book. These faded effigles cannot make botany. We must go to the living plant and flower

away."

Sunday morning, Prof. Kenyon outdid even himself on the grand themes, "What is Truth?" and "Know Thyself." He accepted Herbert Spencer's definition of truth—"An element of concept within each person."

This is indeed individually to the last degree. A rate the highest sprift has a concept of this

self." He accepted Herbert Spenoer's definition of truth—"An element of concept within each person."
This is indeed individuality to the last degree. A rat, the highest spirit, has a concept of his own, and that is truth to him.

In '43 and '48, many persons accepted Spiritualism at once, on just hearing of what happened at Poughkeepsie and Hydesville. They knew it was true, at sonce; they already possesed the concept. Spirituals mism is not an evolution from other religions. All religions were evolved from it. You can respond to what a spirit gives you, provided that you have it

yourself. This regulates the kind of Inspiration. We learn less by spirit control than by spirit association. Let us banish from our moniality all impultity and all malice, and we shall have perfect physical and spiritual health.

Bolug aware that this noble work done by Prof. Ifenyon at Lake Brady will draw the attention of so-cloties to blim this winter, an attention to which he can respond, as be can now emerge from a seclusion induced by the infantile age of his little ones, may I, your correspondent, depart from the beaten track and say a word to those who desire to be ministered to by him? He is a true inspirational speaker, a real sensitive. Such being the case, the infuence of his surroundings, of his audience, affects him to an unusual degree; and you will find him great, greater, or greatest, in exact proportion to the spiritual emanations bestowed by those about him. Give him your best aspiration, your noblest support, and you will be amply repaid.

With Saturday came the loved, the admired, the silver-tongued A. B. French. That afternoon after reading to us in his own exquisite way "The Land Where Our Dreams Come True," he led us down into the gloomy kingdom of irresistible and incorable "Fate," If we say God is unconditioned, absolute, we lay the foundations of fate. The same result comes as we realize that Nature must go on, and that man exists. No finite soul can decide the hour when it shall be chipped from the Infinite. Its age, its race, its hereditary conditions, its sex, its education, are all fated, pre-determined.

Pausing to remind us that these inexorable facts make the broadest charity incumbent on all in our judgment of each other, Mr. French then led us from these dark depths on to the sunny uplands of immortal existence; for, as man will live forever, there will be plenty of time for his soul to grow; and though we may not be able to grow far in our short earth-life, we can climb one be able to grow far in our short earth-life, we can climb one or by and-by. We cannot attain our idea

Closing Week of Cassadaga Camp. (Contributed by THE BANNER'S Special Correspondent, ORPHA E. TOUSEY.]

In this the last week of sojourn at this isle of modern transfiguration and spiritual unfoldment, it seems that the two worlds, the seen and the unseen, have joined hands in a mutual effort to make it a time to be remembered as the one most completely filled with

be remembered as the one most completely filled with the outpouring of the spirit. It is the verdict of all that the camp of 1894 has been in every particular a grand success. From beginning to finish each day has been replete with the most exalted and at the same time most practical thought of the period.

Distinguished people of intellect and culture, from nearly every quarter of the globe, have been here, and all have given in their testimony in Cassadaga's praise as a great intellectual and spiritual centre. Every shade of honest thought has been welcomed upon Cassadaga's platform and discussed in the spirit of fraternity and good-will.

Mr. Virchard R. Gandhi, the Hindu philosopher, has been with us the entire session, and all who have known him have learned to admire and love him for his gentle nature and his truly exalted spiritual teachings. At the close of Mrs. R. S. Lillie's lecture on Saturday P. M., a beautiful golden medal was presented to Mr. Gandhi by Prof. H. D. Barrett, in the name of the National Spiritual Association of America. The design outworked in this symbol is the idea that the Occident is in sympathy with the spiritual teachings of the Orient.

[Mr. Barrett's remarks must appear in next week's

[Mr. Barrett's remarks must appear in next week's BANNER, as well as other portions of the report, owing to the late arrival of the MS. at this office. - ED.]

Mr. Gandhi was appreciative to the fullest degree for the kind remembrance.

On Sunday, the 26th, the grounds were again flooded with people coming in upon the several excursion trains and regulars from both directions and by teams

from the surrounding country.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie, whom Cassadaga is proud to number among her citizens and most able co-workers, occupied the lecture hour in the morning, and was

cupied the lecture nour in the morning, and was greeted by a host of admiring friends.

The subjects submitted were, "How do the teachings of the Orient compare with those of the Occident?" "Describe the spirit land—do we know each other there?" [Her remarks will be epitomized in a ater issue.]
Mrs. Clara Field-Conant of Boston was upon the

other there?" [Her remarks will be epitomized in a later issue.]

Mrs. Clara Field-Conant of Boston was upon the rostrum, and was introduced to the audience by Mrs. Lillie, and responded briefly. She said she wished to emphasize what Stater Lillie had said, that she had not exhausted the subject; there was more back of it; as one of the ploneers she knew how words and thoughts may kill.

In the afternoon Mr. W. J. Colville and Virchard R. Gandhi, in his costume of white, a turban of white, spangled with blue, surmounting his placid features, sat side by side upon the rostrum—twin brothers of the Orient and Occident, both teachers, alike of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the doctrine of universal love and universal justice. An immense audience listened with marked attention to Mr. Colville's truly eloquent and philosophical discourse. It was taken stenographically, and will probably appear in full in the near future.

It was our privilege to be present during a portion of the Conference on Monday P. M., and we were impressed with the earnest, intelligent and humane manner in which the subject, "Prisons and Prison Reform," was handled. Several theories were put forth, but they all tended to a common centre—the up lifting, education and betterment of the criminal, instead of degrading, stultifying and cruelly punishing for being a helpless victim to the circumstances of birth and entailed vices.

Mr. Lyman C. Howe said he had a theory which he believed, if carried out, would rid the country of all its tramps and criminals, and would make of them useful and comparatively moral citizens. He would have the government buy up six hundred thousand acres of land and set the criminals, the tramps and unemployed to work on it. He would have schools established, and all the surroundings, as far as possible, such as would foster the finer feelings and awaken the love of the beautiful and the true. There is a school of a similar character to this on the Paclic coast, and they are doing a good work.

Mrs. Cla

prisons and no poor-houses, but are taught the religion of love toward all luman beings and toward all creatures.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie on Tuesday occupied the lecture-hour in the absence of Willard J. Hull. Her subject was the "Phenomena of Spiritualism."

Wednesday, Aug. 29th, was Peace Day. The Conference was devoted to the discussion of the subject of Peace and Arbitration, and measures were taken toward organizing a Peace Society at Cassadags, which should be a branch of the National Society.

A large audience greeted Mr. W. J. Colville in the afternoon. No one could have been chosen who could speak more suitably or more eloquently upon the topic of the day. Mr. Virchard R. Gandhi was upon the rostrum, and after expressing his sentiments of affection toward Mr. Colville and for the principles taught by him, pronounced him a brother in the spirit, and, in token of the same, placed upon Mr. Colville's head his turban of golden silk. Mr. Colville responded in a few well-chosen words, and proceeded to unfold one of the most delightful inspirational discourses it has ever been ours to listen to. His subject was "Peace on earth, good will to men."

A more extended digest of this beautiful and in spiring lecture will be hereafter given, together with other matters connected with the proceedings of the day.

Mr. Colville's other engagements have prevented

Mr. Bach of Minneapolis, Mrs. Cadwallader of Philadelphia, Mr. Sanford, Mrs. Lutes of Lily Dale, Mrs. Greenamyer of Cincinnati, Mr. Perkins of California and Prof. H. D. Barrett contributed their thought offering to the truly soulful banquet. Mr. Perkins sang in a most beautiful manuer "The New Time is Rolling On," a selection by James G. Clark.

Miss Maggie Gaule closed her engagement here as a platform-medium on Thursday, and goes from here to Lake Brady.

It would be in vain to attempt a recital of all the truly wonderful tests which this gifted medium has given.

to Lake Brady.

It would be in vain to attempt a recital of all the truly wonderful tests which this gifted medium has given. Many strangers who have visited the Auditorium and saw Miss Gaule for the first time, have been riveted to the spot, as it were, by her graphic and minute descriptions of their spirit friends, and of facts connected with them, and it has not been unusual for several persons to be melted to tears by those wonderfully touching and accurate descriptions. Her git is one of the wonders of the century, and, with her warmheartedness and joyous nature, it is not strange that everybody likes her.

Mr. S. Gordon White is to be the platform medium for the remaining three days. He is also wonderfully gifted, and has won the confidence and respect of all who know him by his air of sincerity and gentlemanly bearing.

Charles W. Sullivan of Boston, Mass., the renowned impersonator, gave his Old Folks' Concert Tuesday evening, the 28th. There was a large attendance, and the frequent roars of laughter and applause attested to their enjoyment of the rich treat.

Miss Edna May Sprague of Denver, Col., assisted by amateurs, gave the closing entertainment of the season Thursday evening. Miss Sprague is a very lovely young lady, and has received many encomiums for her highly pleasing entertainments.

[Mr. W. J. Colville spoke Friday, Aug. 31st; Mr. Willard J. Hull and Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock on Saturday, Sept. 1st, and Hon, A. B. Richmond and Mrs. Willock gave the closing addresses of the season on Sunday, the 2d.]

A report of the remaining lectures, together with a further account of the financial status of the Camp,

A report of the remaining lectures, together with a further account of the financial status of the Camp, will be given hereafter.

Letter from W. J. Colville-His Sojourn at Cassadaga.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

So numerous have been the meetings and entertainments of all sorts at Cassadaga Camp during my week's sojourn at Lily Dale this summer, and so proweek's sojourn at Lily Dale this summer, and so prolific also the letters of your regular correspondent from that delightful spot, that I fear anything I may have to say in this letter will be but a fragment of a twice-toid tale. There is certainly no dearth of news and no lack of interest in this great Chautauqua of Spiritualism—for that is what Cassadaga is now being called. The interests centering here are manifest, and the scope of activity is continually increasing and branching out in ever new directions. The grounds are certainly far more beautiful this year than ever before; a chief improvement at once noticeable is the increased area of redeemed land, overcoming the sense of limited space which often painfully intruded itself last year on occasions when the attendance was at its height. New, beautiful, substantial cottages, all-the-year-round homes, are now the kind of buildings most in favor. Tents and slender frame houses grow fewer season by season, and the time is now ripe for the establishment of a permanent settlement, so that spiritual teachings may be given at all times in this Mecca of Spiritualism.

Though the great covered Auditorium is the chief centre of resort during the summer convocation, there are other buildings which are scarcely less features of the place; among these Library Hall and the Octagon take first rank. At the main stand the audiences have been immense, and all the lecturers and others have been accorded royal receptions.

The conferences have been unusually interesting; stirring topics, live issues of the times, have been ably discussed by deep thinkers and fluent speakers from all points of view. A pleasant and popular series of evening meetings has been named "Thought Exchange" presided over by Rev. W. W. Hicks, who is particularly able as a President and thought-provoker; his genial, stimulating presiding has done very much to make the "Thought-Exchange" a most important centre for the consideration of live questions. It is pleasing to note that there is year by year, lific also the letters of your regular correspondent from that delightful spot, that I fear anything I may

But those who take this view, gladly admit that it is profitable and refreshing to exchange ideas across oceans and continents, and pay tribute to truth wherever found. The influence of the Parliament of Religions is still felt, for it is owing to that great enterprise we find the presence among us of our gifted Oriental friends. The celebrated Northwestern Orchestra, under the efficient conductorship of Mr. Fred Nichols, has given sweeter music this summer than ever, and the chorus choir, with Mr. J. T. Lillie as solo-

ever, and the chorus choir, with Mr. J. T. Lillie as solo-ist and Mr. Lane as accompanist, has added much to the impressiveness of the regular meetings. Among the entertainers who have appeared in Camp this season, none have won more deserved applause than Walter Jefferson from Philadelphia, whose seri-ous, humorous, pathetic and other readings, are truly wonderful. Mr. Jefferson has a clear, distinct voice, perfect articulation, and wonderful control over the facial muscles, making it possible for him to give at least three hundred distinct impersonations of style and character; though only twenty three years of age, and character; though only twenty three years of age, he is already one of the foremost elocutionists of the

he is already one of the foremost elecutionists of the day.

Mr. Charles W. Sullivan's "Old Folks" concerts have been as popular as ever, and the Lyceum has done better work than ever under the able guardianship of Mrs. Tillinghast and Miss Danforth; the former lady has acted as librarian to every one's satisfaction, while the latter has entertained and edified the multitude, one by one, by means of her wonderful

ship of Mrs. Tillinghast and Miss Danforth; the former lady has acted as librarian to every one's satisfaction, while the latter has entertained and edified the multitude, one by one, by means of her wonderful knowledge of palmistry, supplemented by a gift of seership, for which she is widely noted.

Wednesday, Aug. 29th, was "Peace Day." Mrs. Skidmore has been elected President of the Cassadaga Peace and Arbitration Society, which is expected to send a delegate annually to the Peace Convention, wherever it may be held in America or Europe. The audiences on "Peace Day" were very large, and connected with the occasion were many notable incidents.

nected with the occasion were many notable incidents.

I am leaving for Lake Brady as I post this letter, and I cannot remain for the great closing sessions of the Camp, but I have seen enough during my seven days' sojourn to know that the work at Cassadaga is thriving and increasing, and that very soon there will be a palpable fulfillment of the grandest dreams and visions of its most hopeful and enthusiastic promoters and felanda

Mrs. Pettingill of Cleveland is still one of the active

Mrs. Pettingill of Cleveland is still one of the active, generous prime movers. Mr. Gaston, the President, and indeed all the officers, are decidedly the right people for the responsible places they so ably and harmoniously fill, while Mr. Barrett, the genial equitable Chairman, has been unanimously elected for the seventh time to fill that important position.

For myself, I may say that I have met with the greatest kindness and warmest appreciation at the hands of numberless friends, old and new, and it has been a truly delightful occupation to speak again and again to so many earnest minds, and take part in the deliberations of so many important councils. I am glad to see that the BANNER OF LIGHT more than holds its own in the esteem of thinkers and workers among the host of papers advertised at present.

With every best wish, yours sincerely,

W. J. COLVILLE.

Camp Etna, Me.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: After shaking Lake Pleasant's dust from our feet, Aug. 30th, our party started eastward, and soon Etna Camp was reached, after a brief ride on the Maine Central R. R.

Camp was reached, after a brief ride on the Maine Central R. R.

President Burnham gave us a cordial welcome to the camp. Everybody did the same, and we realized we were among friends. Etna is located in a romantic spot; between one and two hundred pretty cottages surround a large, covered Tabernacle, in which all meetings are held. People come to this camp to attend meeting with good old-fashioned Spiritualism.

Every hour a hayrick or a farmer's wagon rolls in, the head of the family, with a broad smile of joy upon his manly countenance, perched upon the top of a load of household effects and provisions for ten days.

The handshakes are genuine, the love expressed in them is genuine too; the sturdy sons and daughters of Maine, when they become convinced of the truth, are not atraid to express their views to the world.

The two days spent by me in this camp have been of unalloyed pleasure. Overworked and weary, this camp seems a true haven of rest.

A goodly company assembled at the opening Aug. 31st. At ten in the morning President Burnham delivered a fine address, formally opening the exercises of the season. He was followed by Mrs. Abbie Morse, the veteran speaker of the State, who was enthusiastically applauded as she came forward to speak.

Mrs. Hattle Mason' then gave a song, and Mr. Burnham alluded to the fact that F. B. Woodbury had brought to decorate the platform of old Etna Camp, a large American flag; Mr. Woodbury responded in a brief address; the control of Mrs. Morse improvised a beautiful song, called forth by the flag and the speech of its' owner. Dr. Temple and Mrs. Tillie Reynolds received a hearty reception.

Aug. 31st. in the afternoon, J. Clegg Wright delivered his masterly cration on the "Progress of the Soul." After the lecture Mrs. Ella Hewes gave a large number of tests, every one of which was recognized. At 7 r. M., there were soveral songs by Mr. Tisdale and Mrs. Mason, and address and improvised song by one of Maine's best mediums, Mrs. Amelia Stevens; Dr. Clark's Indian control the

and Mrs. Reynolds closed this interesting occasion with fine speeches.

J. Clogg Wright, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Packard-Bmith, Mrs. Kila Howes, Mrs. M. J. Wontworth, F. A. Wiggin, Mrs. Hattio Mason are the talent engaged for the season.

Dr. Temple has arrived; Mr. Tisdale is visiting in camp; Mrs. Maud Drake, Dr. Hodges, Mr. Fox-Jeneken and others are expected.

Mrs. Hattio C. Mason has charge of the music.
The meeting is advertised to close Sunday evening, Sept. oth.

Etna Camp can be reached by taking Banger boat at Boston; at Banger take train on the Maine Central Raliroad for Camp Etna. If coming overland, buy ticket to Portland. At Portland, buy an Excursion Ticket to Etna and return.

Mrs. Pratt. wife of Dr. Pratt, director of Berkeley Hall Society, is breathing in health and strength at this camp.

Dr. Eidridge, well known in Boston, is located here.

Dr. Eldridge, well known in Boston, is located here, and doing a good business. FRANK B. WOODBURY.

Vicksburg, Mich. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

For several years the Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan and Northern Illinois have maintained a Camp-Meeting each summer in one of those noble-Camp-Meeting each summer in one of those noble-treed groves of oak common to this section, rallying at the call of Miss Jeanette Fraser of Vicksburg, Mich. This lady is an earnest worker, and luckily blessed with means, and, better, resolved to use them to great extent for the spread of Spiritualism's glad gospel. The people have well supported her so far as their patronage has been, and encouraged her with their yearly presence, the community at large even coming out freely.

Mr. L. V. Moulton, a Grand Rapids attorney, has been a power for good in this work, and this season stirred the camp to action and the community to thought, the first week—his allotted time—as never before. Working there at this time, too, were Mr. E. W. Sprage and wile, a lecturer and medium of force-ful character, by whom the Spiritual Cause was hon-ored and benefited.

petore. Working there at this time, too, were Mr. E. W. Sprage and wile, a lecturer and medium of forceful character, by whom the Spiritual Cause was honored and benefited.

Efforts from year to year, in obedience to earnest demands, were made to secure Mr. J. Frank Baxter, but not till this year were they fruitful. Mr. Baxter's reputation was established thoroughly among Spiritualists through reading the spiritual papers; and so much had he been talked about from time to time, that their friends remembered who was meant when his name was announced as the speaker and medium for the second week of the Camp.

On Thursday, Aug. 23d, Mr. B. was greeted with an unusually large audience for a week day, and he certainly easily captivated many with his song, won earnest attention by his matter, logic and manner, and enthused all with his magnetism, and when he concluded his work with his marked séance of one hour's duration, he astonished and converted many.

The next day, Friday, Aug. 24th, Mr. Baxter was eagerly listened to again, his week-day audience on this occasion being as large as the usual audiences previously assembled on Sundays, and he seemed to comprehend the very needs of the people—gave a powerful discourse, and eclipsed, in his séance, the one of the preceding day.

When Sunday, Aug. 26th, came, the people from around poured into the Camp, hundreds and hundreds by carriages and many on foot. Never in all the history of the Camp was such a concourse of people gathered. Every available seat was occupied, and hundreds were standing when Mr. Baxter was conducted to the rostrum in the morning. Ladies and gentlemen had made it a green bower of beauty with their voluntary decorations. An applause greeted Mr. Baxter with his first step on the platform; from 10 o'clock till 12:20 o'clock he held the attention and seemingly carried the vast audience with him.

At two o'clock packed in on every hand the audience had again prepared itself. Other seats were improvised, and carriages all around the large assemblage w

propriate.
From dances, entertainments, gate-fees to grounds,

and accruments from rented rooms and privileges, the expenses in great degree are offset.

This is written while the camp is at its height. Mr. Baxter will have gone by the time this is read, and Mrs. Helen S. Richings will have begun her work, for she is looked for as per engagement, and, too, with pleasure, as on previous occasions she had made many friends.

many friends.

Mr. Baxter is secured for this camp another seaWOLVERINE.

Blodgett's Landing, N. H. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Camp-Meeting has closed; all is quiet, and already preparations for another year are well under way.

Mrs. Whitlock spoke on Tuesday and Wednesday Mrs. Whitlock spoke on Tuesday and wednesday. On Tuesday evening a benefit was tendered Miss Brown, the manager of the orchestra, who met with the loss of her pocket-book on the day she arrived here, valued at fitty dollars. A little oversitate on collars was realized. Thursday was "dance day." A small party gathered Friday; Mr. F. A. Wiggin spoke, as he did also on Saturday. Saturday evening occurred the last entertainment of the season. A very

running on the lake, and about two thirds the size of the Burks.

Many cottagers will be leaving to-morrow; but a few will remain to further enjoy the beauties of this little inland sea.

W. H. WILKINS, Seo'y.

Sept. 2d.

The Facts Convention

Closed a three days' session successfully at Melville Gardens. Downer's Landing on Sunday, Mr. Whitlock has done good service in explaining matters spiritual in quarters where little practical knowledge has existed before.

Miss Ella Whitney served the Convention faithfully in mediumship each day, and won for herself many friends; Mrs. M. A. Moody was present every day, and by song entertained the audiences; she is an excellent speaker and psychometric reader; Dr. C. W. Quimby also gave tests and remarks; Mr. Arthur B. Shedd wrote communications, in many cases pronounced correct. Mrs. A. Forrester was present Sunday and gave psychometric readings. Dr. Wm. Franks gave a long scance Sunday P. M., at which many people received convincing proofs.

These conventions are to be held at different places. Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th, at the Casino. Bass Point, Nahant—a beautiful spot near Lynn; can be reached from Boston by steamboats from Lincoln wharf. Miss Ella Whitney served the Convention faithfully

Onset, Mass. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Ladies' Onset Improvement Society will hold its fourth annual Murvest Moon Festival at the Onset Temple on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 15th and 16th.

and 16th.
Celebration will open at 2:30 P. M. on Saturday, with
the Hollow Square service.
Saturday evening there will be a fine entertainment,
consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings,
fancy dancing, etc. This is to be followed by a grand
ball, for which Ferguson's Bridgewater Orchestra will
furnish the music—as well as for the open-air concerts
on Sunday.

on Sunday, addresses by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, C. Fannie Allyn, Rev. E. Andrus Titus, and others, will be given; while in the evening a few short addresses, with solos, duets, quartets and readings, will conclude

Camp Starlight. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

This enterprise is announced to open meetings on the 16th of September and continue until the 23d. The grounds are located two and one-half miles from Shelgrounds are located two and one-half miles from Shelton, nine miles from Bridgeport and ten miles from New Haven, in the vicinity of several thriving manufacturing villages, offering opportunities to a large circle of people to hear the truths that Spiritual Philosophy affords.

The Camp is as yet largely missionary in its character—as within the radius of cities mentioned, including the new city of Derby, three miles distant, no Independent society exists, though many believers and investigators abound and meetings are held from time to time.

Let those within convenient distance units to

time to time.

Let those within convenient distance unite to strengthen each other's hands and hearts in the efforts to uplift and develop humanity.

S. L. HARD, M. D.

Camp Progress, Mass.

Children's day was observed Sunday at Camp Progress. Upwards of fifteen hundred people were at the grove. The exercises were conducted by the President, Mr. T. J. Troye of Lynn, and the Vice-President, Mr. W. A. Peterson of Salem. [The late arrival of he MS. at this office prevents further use.] Mrs. cant oth

Cleveland's Baking Powder "emphatically at the head."



Strongest of all pure cream of tartar baking powders according to latest U. S. Govt. Report.

Echo Grove, Mass.

Sunday, Sept. 2d, interesting services were held at 10:30 A. M., 2 and 6 P. M. Mr. Woundy presided and 10:30 A. M., 2 and C.F. M. Mr. Woundy presided and gave interesting remarks; invocation, song service and solo, "Like a Bird," by Prof. E. T. Pierce. Dr. S. M. Furbush, Prof. J. E. Hartmann, Mrs. Lizzie Hartmann, Mrs. S. M. Atherton, F. M. Atherton and others, participated in the services.

Next Sunday there will be exercises at the grove at 10:30, 2 and 6 o'clock. Good mediums and speakers will take part.

T. H. B. JAMES.

Verona Park, Me.

We are in receipt of the current installment of the Secretary's account of the proceedings at this Camp, but are unable to use it the present week-even were it condensed, as we have been obliged to treat all the reports contained in our present issue. We shall therefore give this Verona Park account in full in our next number.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago.—The meetings of the First Society of Spiritual Unity, on Sunday, Aug. 26th, were very interesting, and satisfactory in many ways.

At the Mediums' Conference in the morning, Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, our glited speaker, made an address to the media present, containing much wholesome advice and practical instruction in regard to their development and the exercise of their medial gifts. In the afternoon she delivered an address on "The Lyceum; or how shall we educate our children?" as an appeal to the parents to send their children to the Children's Lyceum, which our Society opens in September.

Children's Lyceum, which our Society opens in September.

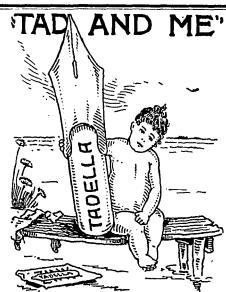
Her lecture in the evening was given to a most intellectual audience and to their great satisfaction, as was evidenced by their applause. Mrs. Lyman has an exalted band of high intelligences; her work here fully justifies the claim that she stands as a teacher of the higher truths of the Spiritual Philosophy in a position unexcelled in the ranks of our mediums.

Our new year of work leging part month, and Mrs.

opny in a position unexceiled in the ranks of our mediums.

Our new year of work begins next month, and Mrs. Lyman will lecture for the Institute of Occult Science, giving, during the fall term of September, October and November, three courses of eight lectures each, with two lectures each week. The tickets to each course are three dollars, and to single lectures, fifty cents. These lectures will be upon subjects relating to Occult Law and Science; and there will be two supplementary lectures, free to those attending the courses, which will be given at the end of the term. Valuable assistance was rendered at our meetings by Dr. Carpender, Dr. Bishop, Dr. White, Mrs. Dr. Preston, Mrs. Dr. Knevett, Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter, Mrs. Hamilton Gill, Mrs. Hersom and others, as well as the harmonious selections of Mrs. Simmons and Prof. Clarke.

E. N. Pickering.



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MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritual Association, Amplion Theatre Building, Bedford Avenue, opposite South Tenth street. Meetings Sunday evenings, 7½ o'clock. Good speak-ers and mediums. Mrr. M. Evans, President. Spiritual Meetings are held in Mrs. Dr. Blake's parors, 1024 Bedford Avenue (near DeKaib Avenue), every unday evening at 8 o'clock.

Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Saturday evening at 102 Court street. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman; Emily B. Ruggles, Sec'y. Fraternity Hall, 860 Hedford Avenue.—The First Spiritual Mission meets at 3 o'clock for conference; 8 o'clock for lecture and tests. Mediums and speakers wel-come. S. Wines Sargent, Chairman.

Woman's Progressive Union.—Business meetings first and third Friday evenings in the month; social meet-ings second and fourth Friday evenings, at 102 Court street. Miss Irone Mason, Secretary. S78 DeKalb Avenue, between Walworth and Sandford Streets.—Test and Developing Circle by Mr. Tatlow every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Knickerbocker Hall, 44 West 14th Street.— The Ethical Spiritualists' Society meets each Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7% P. M. Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, speaker. The Ladles' Ald Society holds its meetings through the summer once a month—third Wednesday in the month— at Adelphi Hall, 52d and 7th Avenue. For information rela-tive to the work of the Society, address Mrs. Kate D. Knox, (749 Columbus Avenue), Sec'y. Soul Communion Meeting on Friday of each week, 8 P. M.—doors close at 34—at 310 West 28th street. Mrs. Mary C. Morrell, Conductor. Spiritual Thought Society. 108 West 43d street.

— Meetings Sunday evenings. J. W. Fietcher, regular speak-

MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

First Society of Spiritual Unity meets at Custer Post Hall, 85 South Sangamon street, every Sunday at 10%, 2½ and 7½. Lyceum at 1½. Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, perma-nent speaker. E. N. Plekering, President. First Society of Spiritualists meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, every Sunday at 104 A. M. and 7% P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Orra L. V. Richmond

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists meets at First Association Hall, 8th and Callowhill streets. President, Benj. P. Benner, Treasurer, James Breen; Secretary, Frank H. Morrill. Services at 10% A.M. and 7% F.M. Lyceum at 2% P.M. Spiritual Conference Association meets at the northeast corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets every Sunday at 23, P.M. S. Wheeler, President, 472 N. 8th street.

MEETINGS IN WASHINGTON, D.C. First Society, Metzerott Mall, 19th Street, between E and F. Every Sunday, 11% A.M., 7% P.M. M.O.Edson, Pres. Second Society... Progressive Spiritual Church"... meets every Sunday, 7½ p. M., at the Temple, 425 G street. N. W., opposite Pension Office. Rev. E. B. Fairchild, Pres.